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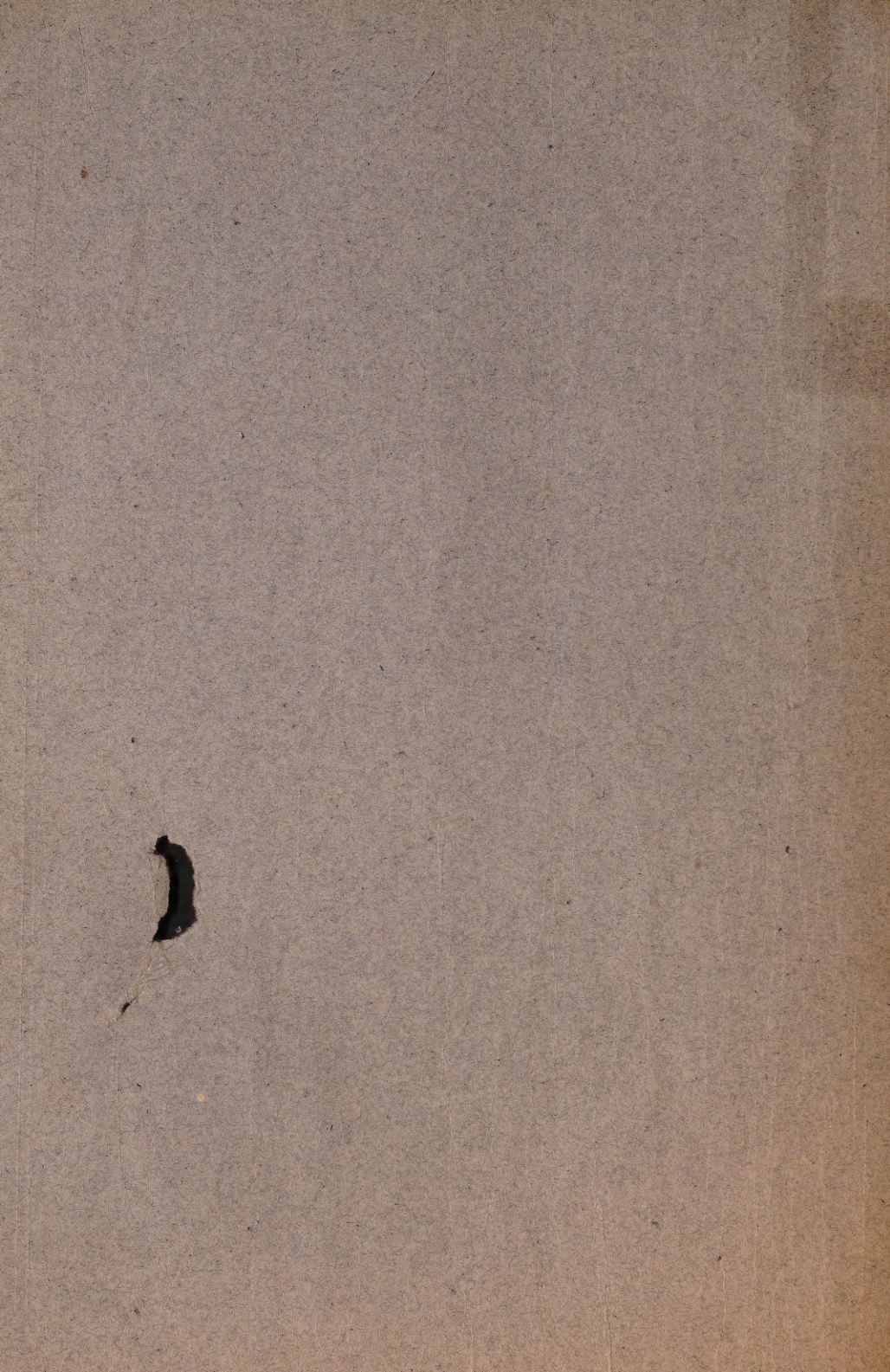


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MARCH

1911



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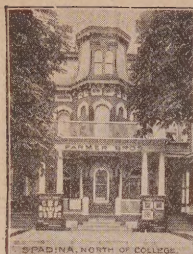
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The HYA YAKA

VOL. IX.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1911.

No. 5.

EMERGENCIES

By Dr. George O. Webster.

The dentist does not share with the general surgeon the daily, even hourly, possibility of meeting cases where the issue of life and death are dependent upon his coolness, knowledge and judgment, but, and this is especially true since the almost universal use of the various preparations of cocaine, there does at all times exist in the borderland between dentistry and medicine the possibility of more or less alarming crises where the dentist must be equally well prepared and must justly be held responsible for any lack of knowledge of the conditions or the remedies demanded.

* * * * *

There are, however, one or two points which I should like to be able to bring forcibly home to you. The first, and I am inclined to believe the most important, is the necessity of exhibiting calm and deliberate judgment in these imminent emergencies where under the fear and excitement of the moment nervousness and indecision are so much more liable to prevail.

Overconfidence might be equally disastrous, but we refer to that degree of self-reliance and confidence which can only come from both "knowing what you know and knowing that you do not know what you do not know," and this state of mind cannot exist unless we have both the necessary knowledge and are fully prepared to meet with promptness and decision those emergencies to which every dental practice is liable. As one important means to this end I would suggest the employment of a special case for keeping together and always having at hand the necessary remedies and appliances.

It is needless, I trust, to say that this case should never be called upon to supply the demands of the daily practice, but must be kept carefully filled and ready for instant use.

Personally, I prefer the case of a drawer or compartment in the operating cabinet. It is less liable to be interfered with by the office assistant, and it is available when visiting patients at their homes, when their vitality is often low and they are in consequence especially liable to systemic disturbances.

The case should contain all the needed remedies including distilled water, all plainly labelled and dosage noted. The hypodermic syringe should be of the all-metallic kind lest the plunger be found dried and unserviceable when suddenly needed. The contents will doubtless vary somewhat according to individual needs. As I shall take mine with me on extended journeys I have included a list of poison antidotes and a jar of antiphlogistine, which I have found to cover a large range of the smaller injuries to which the genus "Homo" is liable. In case the dentist is in the habit of administering general anesthetics a pair

of tongue forceps should certainly be included.

Some years ago after the administration of nitrous oxid gas to a young lady for the extraction of several teeth the patient was making good recovery when suddenly marked indications of asphyxia became apparent. Respiration stopped and the face became rapidly almost black. After reassuring myself that there was no tightness of the clothing, examination of the mouth revealed the fact that owing to the abnormally long fraenum, the tongue had dropped back into the fauces which it completely blocked. Having no tongue forceps at hand I was obliged to resort to rather vigorous methods which are only to be recommended because of their effectiveness, viz. : taking the patient from the chair and allowing the body to drop forward over my left arm, with my right I delivered a sharp blow with the fist between the shoulder blades. This quickly accomplished the desired result. The tongue was thrown forcibly forward and respiration was resumed. 1

To add, if possible, emphasis to what was suggested earlier in the paper I would say that during this operation my assistant, a man of more than ordinary resourcefulness, stood by looking like a marble statue and was exactly as useful to me in the handling of the patient.

Syncope.—Patient should be laid prone. Clothing loosened if necessary. Give plenty of fresh air and bathe face in cold water. Volatile salts may be inhaled. If recovery is slow, brandy or aromatic spirits of ammonia, in fl. dr. ss-ij doses, may be given internally as soon as deglutition is possible. There is little danger in simple fainting, but to distinguish between syncope and some phases of heart failure is not so easy, and it is fortunate for us that the treatment for both is along the same lines. Although in no way a sure criterion, the pulse is here our most valuable guide, for while in fainting it may be markedly lowered in force, it is usually fairly regular, but in heart failure whether from the toxic effect of cocaine or from other altered function, it is usually intermittent, erratic and often almost entirely disappears.

In view of the almost universal use of cocaine and the fact that owing to idiosyncrasies even its use topically sometimes brings about alarming symptoms, we should be especially prepared to meet conditions of—

Heart Failure.—As the prevailing symptom of both syncope and heart failure is brain anemia, the position and preliminary treatment should be the same. In addition remedies more or less directly affecting the heart are ordinarily used, as amyl nitrite, strychnin, nitroglycerin, digitalis, ether and camphor.

Nitrate of amyl is administered by inhalation in 3 to 5 minim doses. It is a forcible, quick heart stimulant, although but transient in its effect, and as soon as the primary effect of the drug has been realized, it should be immediately followed by the use of a general stimulant. I am inclined to the belief that strychnin 1-30 grain or nitroglycerin 1-100 grain, both administered hypodermically, are rather the favorite remedies in America, while where I am practising the following prescription is more generally employed :

R	
Ether.....I.0
Camphor.....2.0
Ol. Oliv.....8.0

in which the olive oil is only to act as a solvent for the camphor. This administered hypodermically in 10 minim doses. If fairly immediate results are not obtained from this, the dose may be repeated after a few moments.

Nitroglycerin is similar in its action to the nitrate of amyl, producing vascular dilatation and consequent lowered blood pressure. It is not quite so prompt in its action as the nitrate of amyl, but is rather more enduring in its effect.

Digitalis is also a vascular stimulant and seems to retard pulsation, at the same time increasing the force of the heart beat. It is exhibited hypodermically in 1-50 grain doses and is apparently especially demanded in case of intermittent heart action.

Failing anything else, resort must be had to artificial respiration, about twenty beats to the minute.

Swallowing of Foreign Bodies.—These cases as a rule do not come within the province of the dentist, but belong to the general surgeon. If the object swallowed is not larger than a tooth or crown and has no sharp points to lacerate the walls of the digestive tract, it will probably cause no complication after having reached the stomach. The patient should have all the assurance you are justified in giving and allowed for some hours a diet consisting entirely of foods rich in starch, like bread, or better still, mashed potatoes. This assists in forming a bolus about the object, which permits of an easy passage through the intestines. Should the case be more serious inquire the name of the family physician and put yourself at once in communication with him.

Dislocation of the Inferior Maxilla.—This is quite possible in an everyday practice, and while very simple and usually easily remedied, it is often extremely terrifying to the patient who is apt to associate the condition with tetanus. It may occur from inherent weakness of the muscles where they are kept on extreme tension for prolonged filling operations or in the making of impressions. It is simple displacement of the condyloid process downward and forward until, in complete dislocation, it rests in front of the articular eminence.

In case the dislocation is bilateral it is advisable to reduce each side separately and this is usually readily accomplished by means of exerting strong force on the posterior teeth of the mandible, carrying it downward far enough to allow the process to pass the articular eminence and then backward until it drops to place.

If there is any "doubting Thomas" who questions the amount of force usually attributed to the muscles of mastication, let him attempt this operation without amply protecting his hands with a towel or napkin, but unless he has more thumbs than he needs, their use is earnestly recommended as the mandible drops into place with no inconsiderable force. In case the muscles are unusually tense, a cork or piece of wood may be used as a fulcrum by placing it between the molars on the affected side and then directing the force towards raising the anterior part of the maxilla. In extreme cases the use of a general anesthetic is required to induce relaxation of the muscles. After reduction a bandage should be worn for some hours.

TIMELY TALKS WITH OUR SENIORS

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness." Old, yet ever new, this maxim applies to men in all walks of life. Many a man has made or marred his reputation, to a large degree by his personal appearance. Every one turns from the untidy and careless man to him of immaculate neatness.

Thus the dentist is daily gauged by his appearance in public. "Is

his linen clean? Are his hands and finger-nails properly cared for? Is he clean in his habits?" These are questions he is silently, but none the less forcefully, answering continuously.

The Office.—Here many receive their first impression of the dentist. First impressions are lasting ones. A careless, unkempt office usually indicates an occupant of like character. Let the reception room be tastily arranged. See that magazines and old papers do not become littered upon the couch or floor. Let the windows and curtains indicate that they have been subjects of recent care. These and many little details are speaking in unmistakable tones for or against.

What shall be said of the operating room? Here, the patient comes into intimate contact with the various and marvellous appliances of the dentist. She is not slow to note the soiled napkin, the stained glass or the untidy operating table. Equally appreciative is she of reverse conditions.

A word about the instruments used in the mouth. Let the dentist be ever so careful about his personal appearance and his office appointments, if he neglect his instruments, it must be said of him as of the rich young ruler of old, "Yet one thing thou lackest."

More infection is caused by dirty instruments in the hands of otherwise careful dentists, than we are aware of, and it is time to awaken to that fact. The patient at hand may be a specific and yet there be no oral manifestation of the disease. In many instances, the instruments thus used are wiped or merely dipped and put away to be used on the next patient.

Such neglect is criminal and inexcusable. It is a matter of but a few minutes and the instruments may be boiled while preparing for operation upon the next patient.

The public are awakening to these facts and it is not uncommon for the patient to ask of the dentist "does he boil his instruments."

Let this then be the motto of the profession, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness."

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ALL DEAD ! ALL DEAD !

One afternoon a few weeks ago the usual hum of the Infirmary was broken by piteous wails : "Mouth's ruined ! Look at me cuspids ! Dead ! All dead !" And as eyes were turned in the direction of the howls, a dark-eyed young Junior was seen running wildly about, showing his gums to those near. Mac was a howling success, it reminded one of the neighbor's dog locked out all night ; yea, it sounded like the days of the Roman Empire when Nero played the fiddle. Around Mac gathered the crowd. Inspectors Dickson and Duffin were on the spot and soon had two streams of hot air on the subject. "Rock him to sleep !" hollered Cummings. Morgan hit him on the head with a rock and Mac went to sleep. We looked at the cuspids. In that gathering was Davis, the live onion ; Grant, the dead 'beet' ; also Merkeley with his aching void (headache). All were as welcome as a fly in a glass of cream. Around the cuspids the gums had assumed a white color. "'Tis the shadow of doubt !" cried Smale. And Bass ran for all he was worth—that was not very fast. "Analyze," said Atkinson, "why I have analyzed a human heart until nothing is left but a few stingy microbes !" "Looks like snake-bite !" said Cunningham. "I dislike snakes, eels and weasels. All monkeys dislike snakes." And now, as the gums assumed their natural color, Robertson, '12, laughing, explained how he was using strong hydrogen peroxide to aid prophylaxis.

MacDonald has completely recovered, but after this always closes his eyes for the first glance in a mirror.

AN APPRECIATION OF "ROMEO AND JULIET"

CHARACTER THE RESULT OF ACTION.

Tragedy presents a mortal will at odds with fate. The ancient poets carry on this conflict by casting the main interest about the action itself; the characters are a secondary consideration delineated into a somewhat shadowy outline. They throw the whole balance into the irresistible power of fate. Monarchs, individuals and families are seized upon and dragged along by an irrevocable doom. All struggling is in vain; as much hope for a puny lamb in the strong jaws of a hungry lion as for an unfortunate mortal clutched in the clammy hands of relentless fate. This is illustrated in *Alcestis*, where the Fates have decreed that Death must have its victim; frustration or treacherous artifice cannot long prevail; weeping or unutterable sorrow can no more touch the heart of the inexorable, sable-robed monarch than could the vain lamentations of *Orpheus* over his twice lost *Eurydice*. Calamity has fallen upon the House of *Admetus*. He and his wife are borne along in its baneful current, acting but as rudderless barks, the weak self-born instruments of circumstance.

CHARACTER THE CAUSE OF ACTION.

In this respect *Romeo and Juliet* differs materially from the ancient drama. Its characters are not mere shadowy outlines, but real men and women thrilling with our hopes and battling with our fears. *Romeo* is a man. His spirit yearns for its mate; his nature cries out for the satisfaction of his love. Here is something that touches the very fountain of our being. *Romeo* is human; *Juliet* is human. And being human they cannot play a secondary part; they must take their place, and shape and mould the action until it seems to be the result rather than the cause. At the beginning we find *Romeo* "fancy-sick and pale of cheer for love of a cold beauty." At *Capulet's* ball his spirit finds its affinity; the scales drop from his eyes; his true passion is aroused—and *Romeo* becomes a watcher of windows, an observer of lights. "O *Romeo*, *Romeo*! Wherefore art thou, *Romeo*!" Star-crossed lovers? Yes! The hand of fate is upon them. But truly, they themselves are weaving together the threads of their unfortunate career. "At what o'clock to-morrow shall I send to thee?" "O let us hence! I stand on sudden haste." These are characters that take no secondary place in action. These are the creators of action.

Thus we see that with the ancients character took a mediocre position, while action was the source and centre of the issue; but in this play the characters are real live beings with potent force, the moulders of their own action, not altogether the blind automatons of a blind fate.

PRESENTATION.

This characteristic naturally necessitates a second feature wherein this play differs from a classic drama. The ancients avoided the direct presentation of action, giving rather long narration of what we would consider exceedingly vital events. This gives great intensity, but creates little human interest, which is fundamentally the purpose of drama. We want our hearts stirred by the emotions and thoughts of the actor; we wish to see the steps leading up to the main situation. If there is to be a great catastrophe, we must see the elements as they sweep towards its issue. We must watch the dire calamity as it falls, not be told about it after it is all over. As characters rath-

er than Fate are the actors in Romeo and Juliet, no human interest rather than intensity is the purpose. Real men and women are speaking and acting and purely human interest is the result. In *Alcestis*, Hercules tells us he will go and fight with Death; he will lie in ambush near the tomb; he will rush upon him, encircle his mighty arms about him and force him to release the woman. Immediately we anticipate seeing this conflict waged at the gates of the sunless mansion. But a short intimation of it is all we have; it is a moment of intensity, but only a moment. Shakespeare, not content with telling us that "two households from ancient grudge break to new mutiny," pictures the presumably law-abiding Sampson, and Abram with his "Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?" Then come the peaceable Benvolio and the fiery Tybalt, the servants of both houses, Capulet and old Montague. This direct presentation is done in three pages, and yet what a bait for the human interest! In Sophocles' *Antigone*, the messenger announces that the virgin has been found hanging by the neck, that "Haemon has perished, and by a suicidal hand he is dyed with blood." An intense moment! But how much more are our hearts stirred by the denouement of Romeo and Juliet! We see Romeo buying the poison; we see him at the grave with the mattock and wrenching iron; we see the fight with Paris; we hear the thoughts of Romeo. With our own eyes we behold the fatal vial raised to the victim's lips. Juliet, too, we see wading from her stupor to the full agony of the gloom and horror of that place of death and corruption. The frightened Friar we hear exhorting her in vain to flee from the tomb. "Go, get thee hence, for I will not away." "I will kiss thy lips." "O happy dagger! This is thy sheath, there rest, and let me die." Surely such direct presentation must flood the heart with sorrow and anguish, and arouse the keenest interest our human emotions are capable of producing.

FORESHADOWING.

The play in yet another respect differs from the ancient drama. In *Antigone* the impending calamities are announced by a divine messenger, Tiresias the prophet: "The Furies of Hades, and of the gods, avenging with penal consequences, lie in ambush for you. The lapse of no time shall exhibit the mourning of men and women in your palace; your states shall be stirred up together in enmity; the mangled bodies of your citizens, polluted by wild beasts or dogs or birds, shall bear an unhallowed stench to the altars of the city." A terrible and death-dealing prophecy! A vista of evils which is boundless! Yet it comes as a judgment from another world. The denouement is in the hands of fate, which of course is in keeping with the action. But in *Romeo and Juliet* the outcome is intimated, not by the burning words of an inspired prophet, but by Foreshadowing, a device natural and impressive, and yet in perfect harmony with the prominent place given to the Shakesperian character. The characters of the play are human beings like ourselves, not some invisible, superhuman, all-pervading power. Quite naturally, then, glimpses of the denouement are given here in the form of presentiments. This method of preparing us for the calamity appeals to us. Who has not had presentiments that some evil or disappointment was lurking in his way, or that the toils of circumstance were waiting to entrap him? Thus Romeo felt as his "mind misgives some consequence shall begin with this night's revels, and expire the term of life by some vile forfeit of untimely death?" Juliet, too, has the same sense of foreboding when she says, "O God, I have an ill-divining soul! Methinks I see thee as one dead in the bottom of a tomb"; or when she says, "God knows when we shall

meet again. I have a faint cold, fear thrills through my veins." Nine times through the play we have the final result, thus foreshadowed by such presentiments, which not only establishes the reality of its characters in contrast with that vagueness characteristic of ancient drama, but which brings home to us Shakespeare's knowledge of human life.

HUMAN NATURE.

There are still other features, parts of the play itself, which force upon us the fact that Shakespeare was no ordinary observer of nature. He penetrates far beneath the veil of dreamy sentiment and clearly discerns truths that many a young man will admit. College professors, stern business men, and maids long since grown old may attach to Romeo the stigma of inconstancy, and criticise the poet for introducing any such "superfluous complication" as that of Romeo's love for Rosaline. But the youth of warm affection and ardent desires points with a sigh and a smile to three or four Rosalines. He has loved, or thought he loved; and as he recalls that old saying, "Man seldom marries whom he first loves," he recognizes Shakespeare's knowledge of nature, and in that recognition he admits that much of man's first affection is but dross and carnal desire, which are as fleeting as the wind and as unstable as the sinking sand.

MUSICIANS.

Another part of the play which appears at first sight to be a flagrant blunder is really a standing tribute to Shakespeare's knowledge of life. He pictures Peter, not carrying a fan this time, but bandying jokes with musicians, those light-hearted mercenary wretches, indifferent to the grief around them, unmoved though the whole house is shrouded "with the hellish mists of death." A most revolting scene, and yet not without its touch of life! How much do we weep for the fire-stricken families turned out of their homes in the cold winter? How great is our grief for a widowed mother whose son, her only comfort and her only support, has been drowned? How often, as soon as the long dismal procession with its heart-broken mourners, winds its silent way around the corner, we break into a light-hearted and flip-pant whistle! Unconcern in the midst of calamity! Coldness in the presence of grief! Joy in the face of death! These are the characteristics of the men of Shakespeare's day; the characteristics of man for all time to come. Was the poet then so far astray when he painted such an apparently incongruous picture? Rather let us say that even Shakespeare's ordinary scenes are apt vehicles for pregnant expressions of human nature.

As to the denouement itself, one cannot go with the poet into that sepulchral dungeon, that untimely tomb, without feeling the heaviness of death creep upon him. Juliet, thou fair virgin of unstained womanhood, thou art married to thy grave. Romeo, thou shalt embrace thy love, but it must be the embrace of Death. One cannot read this tragic ending without feeling an inexpressible disappointment. Somehow, one had hoped that Death would be robbed of its victim. Would that the lovers might look into each other's eyes and have one last long embrace! Would that the true passion of that dying embrace might quicken the reviving spirit of Juliet! Would that Romeo might see the faint flushes of returning consciousness and stay the deadly vial! Would that the poison might fail! O that the Friar's feeble steps would quicken! But no. That would not be tragedy. Death must come, and through death, reconciliation of the rival houses.

PERSONAL

Many of the "Old Boys" as well as some, more recent graduates, visited us this month, among the number being :—Dr. Pinard, Ottawa; Dr. Warringer, Bracebridge; Dr. Callum, Sarnia; Dr. Wray, Deseronto; Dr. Jackson, Winnipeg, and Dr. Weaver, Cornwall. Most of these were about to quit the profession owing to physical disability. This should be a warning to our more ambitious boys to conserve in every possible way their energy.

A number of class '11 are locating in Toronto, while the West claims a large quota.

Mr. Moffatt has been fortunate in securing an up-to-date practice in London.

Our Sam. G. pays quite frequent visits to Hamilton, intending to locate there.

Fred L. contemplates visiting his home during Easter.

Ralph, we believe, intends to uphold the profession in Ontario, intending to take over a practice.

Fred L. B. has Calgary as his objective point at the conclusion of the tortures here.

Hector, Bert and Ollie will expend their energies in the Capital city.

Willie of lacrosse fame will go to Winnipeg.

Gus is bound for Vancouver, as is also Sim.

Bill is going to Berlin.

Charlie and Harry will each assist his dad.

Pat will try a beautiful Eastern Ontario town.

Thus will our happy family soon be broken up and widely scattered.

AT - HOME

In previous years the Class '12 have annually celebrated in the form of a dinner, but this year it was thought advisable to change and have a class dance. Thus, on February 10th, the Juniors spent a very pleasant evening dancing in our Assembly Hall.

As an indication of the popularity of dancing among the Juniors, twenty-eight members of the class out of a total of forty-eight were present. There were many who were unable to attend and they, with those who do not dance, are now mourning on account of having missed the exceedingly pleasant evening. The many pretty maidens present were a positive declaration of the success of the Juniors as shining social lights.

The music rendered by Mr. Fralick's orchestra was very good, of the latest popular pieces, and to the liking of all.

It was an exceedingly successful dance, the evening seeming all too short when it was brought to a close at twelve o'clock. The entire success of the dance was due to the unselfish work of the committee, Messrs. Bond, Thornton and McKay, and the patronage of Mrs. W. E. Cummer.



GLEAMING BARBS



Music touches every key of memory
And stirs all the hidden springs of sorrow and of joy ;
We love it for what it makes us forget,
And for what it makes us remember.

* * * * *

If men and women would forgive each other as readily as they
forgive themselves, this wouldn't be a bad old world to live in.

* * * * *

There is no such a thing as an innocent bystander ; no man is in-
nocent who just stands by.

* * * * *

Men usually live longer without the use of glasses—that is some
kinds.

* * * * *

Sin is merely a mortgage on life to be redeemed by better living.

* * * * *

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and lov-
ed much ; who has gained the trust of pure women and the love of
little children ; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task ;
who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to ex-
press it ; who has always looked for the best in others and given the
best he had ; whose life was an inspiration ; whose memory a bene-
diction.

* * * * *

"Men of age," said Bacon, "object too much, consult too long, ad-
venture too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to
the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success."
If this be the sign manual of age, then there are many young people
even in this "look alive" century who are older than their fathers.
There are thousands of young men to-day who remain on the fence,
halting between two opinions, doubting as to what they had better do
in life, hesitating as to whether they should do this or that, until an
opportunity that might have settled the problem has gone by. Then
they waste more time and energy in looking after the lost opportuni-
ty, and regret in vain that they did not seize it. They concentrate
their attention so exclusively on the thing that has passed out of their
reach forever that they do not see the next opportunity when it pre-
sents itself. The man who can seize, promptly and firmly, an oppor-
tunity as it passes—and never let it go until he wrings from it every
possibility,—is the achiever. He is the man who does things.

* * * * *

"No man has a right to fill a stagnant career. Life is not meant
to be a puddle, but a sweet running stream."

* * * * *

"To express the life, to unfold what has been wrapped up in us,—
that is success."

Some people get results if encouraged ; but give me the man who can do things in spite of hell.

* * * * *

Minimize friction and create harmony. You can get friction for nothing, but harmony costt courtesy and self-control.

* * * * *

An undertaker is a man who undertakes to take you under ; if you're a dead one he ought to.

* * * * *

In the realm of birds, the lark is the optimist and the crow the pessimist—who wants to be a crow ?

* * * * *

It is easy to rob the friend who trusts and believes in you as it is to shoot chickens in the barnyard. Be a sport and shoot game.

* * * * *

A self-made man is nearly always proud of his job, the tailor-made man of his tailor.

* * * * *

Idleness is death and a search for pleasure is sure to wreck life in shadows and in miseries.

* * * * *

We invite every man who can smile in the face of trouble to join and pass the smile along. When we are half an hour dead we cannot change a quarter and life is sweeter than death, because we can still smile and our smile may make some other fellow forget his troubles. Nothing goes to the demnition how-wows but the dead ones. Any old fish that is dead can float with the current, but it takes the live one to swim up the stream. It behooves good men to stand together and swim—at present vinegar vendors have the floor. Let us establish a honey exchange and smile, stick and smile . . . and smile.

FASHION NOTES.

Do not wear the whiskers pompadour. The effect is fierce.

Plush trousers are considered bizarre.

It is impolite to leave in the midst of a poker game unless you have lost what you have.

Ribbonless hats are quite the vogue.

This is the season for being "broke" or "badly bent."

At musicales the uppercut is now obsolete.

The proper thing for "exam. times" is a stimulant. It should be carried gracefully.

A new dress suit may easily be made from one's black alpaca office coat. Merely turn inside out and cover with broadcloth cut in the prevailing mode for evening wear. The trousers and vest may be purchased with what money is left after broadcloth is paid for.

The HYA YAKA

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EDITORIALS



The Editor has just been wondering if editorials are necessary. We know every paper has them, but unless the subject is one in which the reader is vitally interested, it is doubtful whether he does any more than give them a cursory glance.

Unless one has had the opportunity of producing an editorial, he cannot imagine the amount of trouble and work connected with it. To sit down and rack one's brains for a subject, with all the time the hour approaching when the copy must go to the printer, is about as good an imitation of Purgatory as there is to-day.

Not wishing, in the last few weeks of the term, to feel

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread
And, having once turned round, walks on
And turns no more his head
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread,

but rather to be care free, ye editor presents to you for perusal an excellent little talk on "The Inspiration of Work Well Done," by O. S. Marsden, hoping it will accomplish the purpose for which it was written:—

THE INSPIRATION OF WORK WELL DONE

Did you ever notice how much better you feel after having done a superb piece of work, how much more you think of yourself, how it

tones up your whole character? What a thrill one feels when contemplating his masterpiece, the work into which he has put the very best that was in him, the very best of which he was capable! This all comes from obeying the natural law within us to do things right, as they should be done, just as we feel an increase of self-respect when we obey the law of justice, of integrity within us.

There is everything in holding a high ideal of your work. For whatever model the mind holds, the life copies. What we think, what we become. Never allow yourself for an instant to harbor the thought of deficiency, inferiority.

A famous artist said he would never allow himself to look at an inferior drawing or painting, to do anything that was low or demoralizing, lest familiarity with inferiority should taint his own ideal and thus be communicated to his brush.

Reach to the highest, cling to it. Take no chances with anything that is inferior. Whatever your vocation, let quality be your life-slogan.

Many excuse poor slipshod work on the plea of lack of time. But in the ordinary situations of life, there is plenty of time to do everything as it ought to be done, and if we formed the habit of excellence, of doing everything to a finish, our lives would be infinitely more satisfactory, more complete, there would be a wholeness, instead of the incompleteness that characterizes most lives.

There is an indescribable superiority added to the very character and fibre of the man who always and everywhere puts quality into his work.

There is a sense of wholeness, of satisfaction, of happiness in his life which is never felt by the man who does not do his level best every time. He is not haunted by the ghosts or tail-ends of half-finished tasks, of skipped problems; is not kept awake by a troubled conscience.

When we are striving for excellence in everything we do, the whole life grows, improves. Everything looks down when we are going down hill. Aspiration lifts the life; groveling lowers it.

It is never a merely optional question whether you do a thing right or not, whether you half do it or do it to a finish, there is an eternal principle involved, which, if you violate, you pay the penalty in deterioration, in the lowering of your standards, in the loss of self-respect, in diminished efficiency, a dwarfed nature, a stunted unsuccessful life.

Don't think you will never hear from a half-finished job, a neglected or botched piece of work. It will never die. It will bob up farther along in your career at the most unexpected moments, in the most embarrassing situations. It will be sure to mortify you when you least

expect it. Like Banquo's ghost, it will arise at the most unexpected moments to mar your happiness.

* * * * *

Did you ever stop to think that the gold which is consumed by the dental profession sooner or later absolutely disappears forever. There is used by the dentists of the United States and Canada annually about eight million dollars' worth of pure gold, in the form of fillings, crowns and bridgework. But to think of this amount each year, being practically wiped out of existence, is rather startling, for it all ultimately finds its way into the graveyard where it can't be recovered. Gold that becomes jewelry or money usually finds its way into circulation some time, but gold consumed by the dentist, never.

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Mr. Editor :

Many favorable words have been spoken by professors and students in regard to establishing a course in English in our College, but these have been wasted as fragrance on the desert air.

The aim of our faculty, graduates, and undergraduates, I think, is to raise the standard of the profession of dentistry, and every student in the College to-day realizes and appreciates the efforts of the Board to give us the best and most up-to-date instructions in dentistry. But here is my point! We are highly developed along one line and immediately we get outside that line, we verge upon a precipice over which we shall fall and be dashed to pieces on the lower heights of our development along plain, fundamental learning and knowledge of our mother tongue. In short, we are lop-sided!

Some one will say, though, "If a man wants to be a Demosthenes or a Cicero let him take a course in Arts." It is not with the idea of turning out literati that this course is suggested, but that every graduate from the R. C. D. S. shall be sufficient master of the English language to avoid grammatical errors in speech, and be capable, if called upon in later life, to fill the high places in government circles throughout our land.

In the past and at the present time, a dental student is regarded as a "tooth-puller" and in the same category as a veterinary student. People who think like that should be taken aside and in a friendly manner lead out of their benighted ideas. However, on our part, we should assume a higher standard and be able at least to competently use the King's English.

One reason why we justly consider our course in dentistry is superior to that of an American college is that our standard of entrance is higher, and the result of that standard is the more intellectual graduate of our college. But, why not hoist our college one rung nearer the realms of perfection by starting a course in English, and thereby receive the praises of the dental profession of Canada throughout all posterity, as well as impress the public that we are more than mechanics or "tooth-pullers"?

V. H. M.

Chengtú, China, Nov. 29, '10.

To the Editor of the Hya Yaka :

Yours received a month ago. It went to Seattle and Bombay and I don't know where else, and so was about three months in reaching me. Occasionally my letters become "globe trotters" and one wonders what is wrong at home, but one day the tramps arrive. This will reach you along the end of January, so you will think that you have waited a long time for your reply, but I am answering at my earliest opportunity. This is certainly a busy place, but I am not the only one. It is very difficult in a short letter to state facts about the Chinese that would be comprehensive enough to be fair. Sometimes one feels that the Chinese are the model gentlemen of the world and at other times one grows to feel that they are the lowest set ever created. My work in the Y.M.C.A. is among the student class and the civil servants. Some have money and dress better than we possibly can in our uniform. It is a statement that you have often heard before, perhaps, that the Chinaman is the best dressed gentleman in the world.

Some of the students have a fairly wide education. There are about one thousand in Chentu who are studying English on account of its commercial value. This city is about two thousand miles inland from Shanghai, yet see the desire for English. On account of the slow means of traffic and of carrying messages the language differs greatly even in the same province, so it occasionally turns out that an Englishman has to be the interpreter for two Chinamen by means of his knowledge of both languages.

The civil service, the post office and the customs, gives the highest positions to the linguist clerk, so here, as in India, and all around the world, the young men want to learn English. We make use of this in the Y.M.C.A., and so I have been able to play some little part in the work from the time I landed here less than a year ago from the time you receive this letter.

In dentistry we meet with a high class of people also, chiefly the official class. Dr. Lindsay has to repeatedly refuse them, the demand for his "touch" is so great. Away from the coast cities I know of no foreign dentist and I do not fear to say that even there our Dr. Lindsay has no equal. He keeps himself up-to-date and has turned out some dandy gold inlays with the machine I brought out last year.

There is a Chinese dentist here who has been beguiling the people worse than the "American or New York dentist fakirs." He makes dentures, I mean fake teeth, with no palate, but fastens them so tightly to the other teeth that the proud possessor can never take them out. If the natural teeth become loose, why it is only a simple matter to pack in some cotton cloth and make them fit snugly again and when this fails and the natural teeth become loose, why, of course, Lindsay has to come to the rescue. A Chinese dentist came up from Hankow to Chungking and took away several thousand tails in a few months. Some of our foreign population went to him in desperation with the result that two of them very soon after he left the city had to come to Chengtu, a ten-days' journey in a seddan chair, stopping in Chinese inns which are worse, some of them, than our stables at home, while a few are fairly respectable, but there is always a crack or a knot-hole with its curious eye. Lindsay at one time removed a piece of a man's jaw and just lately has put a nose on a man.

He has just taken on a student under a five years' contract. Besides we are now making arrangements with a couple of young English

speaking Chinamen of the official class, one of whom is a teacher of English. Dr. Lindsay hopes to take them home with him to spend a couple of years or so in the R. C. D. S.

We need more dentists out here. You would find it a good investment to come to any of the open ports, especially Hankow or Chungking, to stay for a few years and then go home comfortably rich and besides have seen a good deal of this little spinning ball of dirt and water. Better still it would be to come out to us as missionaries, able to go to any city, and help us to establish our beloved and honored profession in China.

JOHN E. THOMPSON,
Chengtu, West China.

THE INTERNATIONAL LIMITED

The "International Limited"; Canada's finest train; velvet-running road-bed, double-track route, excellency in train equipment, etc., etc. Grand Trunk Railway System. How often we have read this or enjoyed it and now we are heading for the Union Depot once more. "Papers, magazines, all you can read for a nickle!" is left behind and the next door says, "Show tickets here." "Train for London." "International Limited, track No. 3." And through the door we go. Suddenly a gentleman ahead of me slipped on the top step of the stairway leading to the tracks. As he went sliding down he saw he would strike a lady who was also going down the steps. Not wishing to throw her forward, he caught her by the dress when he reached her, pulled her back on his lap and took her with him. When they reached the bottom of the steps, not being able to get up with the lady on his lap, and she not appearing disposed to move, he said: "Madam, this is as far as I go."

And from the plush seat we hear "Aboard," and off we go. As people stand and watch the locomotive and its coaches, glistening dining-car and silent Pullmans glide by, they say as the two red lights disappear, "There goes the International Limited." But how happy we feel, for "IT and US" are "pals." It is a wet night. At the next stop among those who enter is an old lady wearing a shawl. As soon as seated, she takes it off and, rising in her seat, hangs it on the bell-cord, remarking, "How kind of them to provide a clothes-line in this car." There is every convenience on the "International Limited."

A friend told me once that, if you can sleep on a train once in a while, it lessens the time of the journey. But often it is difficult to sleep. My friend said a good plan was to drink two glasses of sweet milk and eat a pint of roasted peanuts before train time. I had this little feast about one hour before coming to the Depot and, for the benefit of others, I'll describe the experience.

The train is now humming along, it is forty minutes before we stop again. Really I am going to sleep. Then a man with a long tobacco knife came along and chopped off my head. Just as a couple of street dogs grabbed my head and started to run away with it, I stepped on a trolley car and broke both legs. The conductor jabbed me with a long, red-hot iron and cut off my right arm just above the elbow. I was negotiating with a millionaire for the purchase of his brown-stone front when a Chinese dragon happened along and bit me in two. With a toothpick I stabbed the dragon to death, and then proceeded to eat three bricks for my breakfast. I had just left the table when a locomotive rushed into the room and shot me between the eyes. I jump-

ed up and threw a ton of chewing-gum at the fleeting engine when, all of a sudden I was picked off my feet by a monstrous fish who deposited me in the middle of the ocean. Jumping up, I ran across the water and stopped a passing steamboat. Climbing aboard, I took a seat on deck, but had hardly done so when a huge snake swallowed me and started to fly through the air. As I went up into the clouds, I was awakened by the brakeman hollering "Hamilton." Well, I had my sleep; say, before going on the train try some milk and peanuts.

Let us get off and see what is doing at Hamilton for we wait five minutes. There is a hotel at the station and on the walls of the main hall are some Rules:

1. If you want a bell-boy, wring a towel.
2. Married men without luggage must leave their wives at the office.
3. No square meals, we use round tables.
4. For writing material, take a sheet off the bed.
5. To prevent guests carrying fruit from the table, there will be no fruit.
6. Eggs are guaranteed not over ten years of age; the butter is perfumed.
7. The soup won't hurt you, it is just apple-peelings, water and bird-seed.
8. Guests not allowed to use dumb-bells in their rooms; if exercise is needed go to the kitchen and beat the steak.

Just as I was about to step on the train a tramp comes along and asks a fellow to help him. He is given a nicker by the gentleman who asks: "Now, what are you going to do with it?" "Well, sir," says the hungry tramp, "if I buy a touring car I shan't have enough to pay the chauffeur; if I purchase a steam yacht there won't be enough left to defray the cost of manning her, so I guess it is best to get a schooner and handle it myself."

Now we leave Hamilton and the tramp. Hardly have we got started when a fellow jumps up and jerks the bell-cord. The conductor says, "What's the matter with you? What do you want?" The guy says, "I want water." "You will find it at the end of the car," replies the Con., "don't you know that cord runs to the engine!" "I know that," says the fellow, "I want hot water." Just in front of me sits a college professor whom I know and in the same seat a farmer who has just got on. They are talking. Suddenly the farmer turns in his seat saying to the professor: "Be you one of them fellers what knows everything that was ever writ?" The professor, smiling, replies that he has studied considerable along some lines and perhaps knows a little about some things. Apparently satisfied that he can be sure as to the correctness of the information, the questioner now says, "Well, if you've studied so much, mebbe you can tell me what I've long wanted to know—is diggin' clams agriculture or fishin'?"

A lady a few seats forward says to the conductor, "Can't this train make any better time than this?" He says, "If you ain't satisfied with this train, get off and walk." Replith she, "I would, only my folks don't expect me until the train gets there." You know it is up-grade far a long way west of Hamilton. Soon we are up the hill and you talk about fast riding. We are going some and some more. My friend says he knows a girl at Lynden, but the train does not stop there. He had written her, saying he would be on this train so

she would be at the station. Just before we get to Lynden he goes out to the platform, gets down on the bottom steps so he can kiss her as he goes by. At this moment the train whistles, he sees his girl standing at the station, flash! the lights whirr by, smack goes the kiss—say! the train was going so fast that he kissed a cow five miles away. Poor Hugh.

After a few minutes at Brantford we are again on the way. Soon the waiter enters and hollers: "First call for supper in the dining-car. Those wishing to shake hands with the knife and fork, forward march backward." We proceed to supper. Just as my friends and I sit down the waiter is taking the order of a gent near me. The gent says: "I want an oyster stew. I don't want to pay more than a quarter for it, but please be careful to see that the milk is perfectly sweet, no skimmed, and that the butter you put in is the best creamery. Observe also that the oysters must be boiled without the liquor. When they are ready pour in the liquor. Be sure to have the finest Lynn Havens. Do not put in those common oysters. Also add a small glass of fine sherry. Do you understand?" The waiter says: "Yes, say; but do you want the oysters with or without?" "With or without what?" says Mr. Particular. "Pearls, sah," said the waiter.

There is a fellow sitting at the table near me and it soon is evident that he is not accustomed to eating in dining cars. The waiter comes for our orders. He asks me what I will have. I say, "Immaterial." This strange guy says, "I'll take the same." While we are waiting turkey is brought into a table near us. Such a turkey, it must have been a bird. Speaking of birds, it is now about time for the first robin to venture out, it is safe now, but a few weeks ago it might have been mistaken for a Christmas turkey.

And now our "eatings" are brought in. There is everything the heart could wish for put on our table—all the delicacies of the season, everything the market could afford (after it is shut up). There is a little pig with a baseball in its mouth; three kinds of soup—noodle, poodle and hunger-hoodle; three kinds of meats are laid out on the table—pluck, liver and lights; and the pie is great—the most affectionate pie I ever saw—the lower crust is dead stuck on the upper one and there are three kinds of pie, cramberry, clamberry and slamberry; you ought to see us slam this cramberry in. And the oyster stew, it is the limit: small, half-starved oysters and the water they are in is not hot enough to kill them. They are alive and the minute the crackers are broken into the stew, the oysters come from the bottom and eat the crackers. Roast beef, fine, wit de graby "oozy" all over it, not running, but "oozy," dis roast beef on a platter surrounded wit twelve "biscuits" and de "biscuits" are in-laid wit butter. Such biscuits! One boys gets up and recites:

"Mary baked a little cake,
To tickle papa's palate;
He put it on a hickory stick
And used it for a mallet."

The roast beef is so tough I cannot stick my fork into the gravy, so I recite:

"Old ox, old ox! How came you here?
You have ploughed the field for many a year.
You've been kicked and cuffed with great abuse,
And now brought here for the railroad's use."

At this moment a little dog comes walking through the car, whin-

ing as if asking for something to eat. One of the boys, pointing at it, says :

"Hush ! little bull-dog,
Don't you cry ;
You'll be a Weinerwurst
Bye and bye,"

and the "wurst" is yet to come. There are two soft-boiled eggs ; the waiter opens one and says : "Shall I open the other ?" I says : "No, open a window." "Ain't the eggs all right ?" asks the waiter. "Yes, they are all right, but I think they have been mislaid." By mistake one fellow drinks a cup of yeast, thinking it buttermilk. He rises immediately.

Now the bill is brought to us. As soon as I see mine I say : "Waiter, I have just enough money to pay for the dinner, but I have nothing in the way of a tip for yourself." Waiter replies : "Let me add up dat bill again, say !"

At this moment the brakeman hollers "Woodstock, change clothes. Four years for refreshments. Free conveyance to the jail with all latest improvements." Woodstock is where "Jack A." and some more of my friends live. For their benefit I will say that there is a special car on our train containing seven prisoners for the Woodstock jail, the brakeman yelled the above expression in the wrong car. "This city has few street cars and rotten cabs," says a fellow near me. "Once I took a cab here to go to a hotel. It started with a sudden jerk. After going several blocks I stuck my head out of the door and told the driver not to go quite so fast as I had on a pair of bad shoes. The driver wanted to know what the bad shoes had to do with his driving. I told him that, when he started, the bottom dropped out of the back and I had been running ever since."

While standing at the station, I see two very cadaverous-looking tramps walk up to the window where a telegraph operator sits at his key. "Say, pardner," says one in a husky voice, "report a couple of empties going west."

Some college girls get on here. You have all heard the song, "I don't want to play in your yard, I don't like you any more, etc." Nowadays the words are slightly changed to keep up with the times ; the girls are singing it for us, listen !

"I have no desire for amusement within the curtilage of your residence.

I am averse to the personality which erstwhile was a source of gratification to me.

A sentiment of regret will pervade your being, upon observing my method of locomotion in descending the covered aperture leading to your subway.

It will be impossible for you to vocalize effectively down the subterranean passage which is utilized as a receptacle for the showers of early spring.

I shall not permit the ascent of the apple tree which is owned in fee simple by myself and family.

I reiterate. I have no wish to play around the adjacent parts of your premises,

Unless I am accorded that respect which is commensurate with my station in life."

In advanced Arithmetic they are taught the advanced "Rules of Value, 1911 Edition" :

"Ten mills make one trust ;
 Ten trusts make one combine ;
 Ten combines make a merger ;
 Ten mergers make a magnate ;
 One magnate makes the money."

In comes an elderly lady selling newspapers, books, etc. She says she has the old man's job. She asks, "Do you want to read to-morrow's paper to pass away the time?" "No," says I, "I read it yesterday." To a friend across the aisle she says, "Can I sell you a new volume on——?" "Can't read!" says he. "It might interest your wife!" "She can't read either!" he says. "It might come handy to throw at your neighbor's cat," she says, but passes on. And now we are going into London, have you ever been in this city? Quite a ville, n'est-ce pas?

While standing at the station a Cop asks me what I am waiting for. I tell him I am looking for work. He says, "Go to the city hall and you can get a job sweeping the streets if you are out for the dust." A fellow is running across the street to get a train when a cab runs over him. The driver stops and hollers, "Look out!" The fellow who has just arisen says, "What's the matter! Are you coming back again?" A policeman asks him what is the hurry, or if he is training for a race. The fellow says, "No; racing for a train."

Suddenly around the corner comes one of my London friends. "Glad to see you," he says excitedly, "but don't stop me. I'm going to an inquest." "Where? Who's dead?" says I. "Don't know his name," said my friend, "but it's a show that's just come to town with a mummy." "Mummy," I exclaim, "why, it has been dead for a thousand years." "Doesn't make any difference," my friend says, "I have just lately been elected to this position of coroner and I wasn't elected to lose money. When anything dead comes this way, you bet I get the fee out of it. Come along and I'll put you on the jury." And away he goes. Another fellow runs up and says, "Is this my train?" "Don't know," says I, "the company still have their name on it." He says he is going to take it anyway. The station master hears him and says, "You'd better be careful, several trains have been missed round here lately."

Two gents are standing in front of me when an auto goes up the avenue. One says, "There goes old Bill Haywoode in his mobile!" Other says, "This is his first week with the automobile, it is fun to see him. Every time he blows the horn, he stops and looks round. He used to peddle fish, you know." Across the street is a big sign which is above an undertaker's office.

"Andrew J. Oppenheimer,
 Expert Mortician and Funeralator.

Why live and be miserable, when you can be decently buried for \$30?"

Ding-dong, ding-dong, and away we go again. A stranger has joined us, produces a pack of cards, and thus a first-class game of poker commences. And everything comes my way. Soon there is enough green stuff in front of me to buy the United States. To tell the truth, I have all these tin horns up a tree, that is, all except the stranger. He is a bottle of blue, sure enough. Presently I put him to the wall, all in, down and out. It happens like this: I stand pat, raise and reraise until I freeze them all out; but the new guy, he comes back at me every time. Finally, when he has gone through all his change, he tips his mitt as to who he is—why! it is the guy that

owns all those railroads—J. Pierpont Morgan. I have him to his last cent, it's up to him. Then he says, "Party, I haven't any more change with me, but I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll put up this railroad against your coin and call you. "Good," says I, "what have you got?" He says, "Four kings." "No good," says I—"four aces." Thus I pull down nine hundred and sixty-seven thousand dollars and a railroad. The stations are very close now, when we stop at one we have to back up and whistle for the next. But the finish of the game! Why, our friend J. P. Morgan that I have been telling you about, gets off at the next station and borrows a couple of millions, gets back on the train and hands it to me, and I hand him back his railroad.

"Not one of the gentlemen, who have answered this morning, has made more than five per cent!" Huh? I am out of it now, why why the lecture is just closing! Have I been answering questions? Nit! I have been riding on the "International Limited." And as its two red lights disappear down the track, they blink a good-bye which says:

"I come through cities, towns in row,
And little farms I sever,
For men must come and men must go,
But I run naily ever."

ROY G. MACGREGOR, '12.

AN ODE TO MISERY.

My toothache! 'Tis of thee,
Dread pain of misery,
Of thee I groan;
Pain that my nerves most dread,
Pain for which tears are shed,—
For my poor aching head
Let grief be shown.

Oh, where can peace be found,
When aching teeth abound
To give me hell?
Yes, pain of hell I feel,
And fiends of hell now steal
Within, and make appeal
My life to sell!

Oh, quickly give relief,
Or in my hellish grief
I shall be lost—
I see an angel coming!
It is a dentist running
To scare away this humming
Of hell's dread host!

Ha! ha! Blest skill divine!
How soon relief is mine
When he appears!
All lear I now dismiss,
I am in heavenly bliss;
For heavenly balsams kiss
All pain away.

THE CURSE OF THE CLIQUE

By Elbert Hubbard.

Every school, shop, factory and store is to a degree, a hotbed of strife, jealousy and heartburning. Plot and counterplot fill the air. There are disappointment, discontent and apprehension everywhere. The employees or helpers unite in friendships. And all exclusive friendships breed factions and feuds, and tend in the end to separate people. The man who runs a big business succeeds only as he can keep peace and stamp out the clique. When a man says, "I won't stay if you keep Bill," fire 'em both.

Beware of chums—they only pool their weaknesses. He is strong-est who stands alone. Be a friend to all—stand by all—speak well of all.

If you lend a willing ear to a man's troubles you make them your own, and you do not lessen his.

By listening to tales of trouble you absorb trouble—that is to say, you take discord into your being.

And the more discord you have in your cosmos, the weaker you are—you are that much nearer death and dissolution.

The more harmony you possess, the stronger you are.

The institution that succeeds in a masterly way is the one that has at its head a man of strong, stern and yet kindly purpose. The more this man keeps his eye on the central idea—the more he focuses on his work and keeps fear and hesitation and distrust at bay, the more sure he is to win.

The soil is bounteous, the mountains full of precious gifts, the opportunity to work is everywhere. Society needs men who can serve it; humanity wants help—the help of strong, sensible, unselfish men. The age is crying for men; civilization wants men who can save it from dissolution, and those who can benefit it most are those who are freest from prejudice, hate, revenge, whim, and fear.

Two thousand years ago lived One who saw the absurdity of a man loving only his friends. He saw that this meant friction, lines of social cleavage with ultimate discord, and so he painted the truth large, and declared we should love our enemies and do good to those who might spitefully use us. He was one with the erring, the weak, the insane, the poor; and so free was He from prejudice and fear that the fairness of His fame is only equalled by the fairness of His works.

He was one set apart, because He had no competition in the matter of love. It is not necessary for us to leave our tasks and pattern our lives after His, but if we can imitate His divine patience and keep thoughts of discord out of our lives, we, too, can work such wonders that men will indeed truthfully say that we are the sons of God.

There isn't much rivalry here—be patient, generous, kind, even to foolish folk and absurd people.

Do not separate yourself from plain people, be one with all—be universal.

So little competition is there in this line that any man in any walk of life, who puts jealousy, hate and fear behind him, can make himself distinguished. And all good things shall be his—they will flow to him.

Power gravitates to the man who can use it; and love is the highest form of power that exists. If ever a man shall live who has infinite power he will be found to be one who has infinite love.

And the way to be patient, and generous—to free yourself from discord—is not to take a grip on yourself and strive to be kind, not that. Just don't think much about it, but lose yourself in your work. In other words forget it.

Do not go out of your way to do good, but do good whenever it comes your way. Men who make a business of doing good to others are apt to hate others in the same occupation. Simply be filled with the thought of good and you will radiate. You do not have to bother about your soul any more than you need trouble about your digestion.

Do your work. Think the good. And evil, which is a negative condition, shall be swallowed up by good.

Life is a search for power. To have power you must have life, and life in abundance. And life in abundance comes only through great love.—The Philistine.

The Operating Room Floor.—The floor in the operating room should be free from carpet. If it is soft pine, stop up the cracks with putty and go over it with one or two coats of thin shellac in alcohol; then dissolve beeswax in turpentine, and go over it with this, wiping off the excess, and you will have an aseptic floor. If hard wood, use linseed oil with a small amount of burnt umber for the first coat.—Geo. Sanford, Dental Register.

* * * * *

Hygiene of the Gums.—To have good, satisfactory, masticating teeth, the gums must receive friction, through the food in eating or through rubbing in some manner to insure perfect circulation. Teeth without gums are denuded teeth, and in many cases they are useless teeth. I look upon the proper care of the gums from the personal standpoint of as much importance as the care of the teeth themselves.—A. W. Harlan, Items of Interest.

* * * * *

The Tongue.—Eyeless, yet comprehending; handless, but cunning and skilful as a magician; voiceless, but the very creator of language; long or short, thick or thin, fat or lean at will; without joints, yet as rigid as iron or as pliable as water, the tongue, at least to the dentist, is an unruly despot, contending with us for the occupation of every spot or place and always in the way.—G. E. T. Ward, Dental Cosmos.

* * * * *

To Stop Pain Caused by Formalin and Creosote.—Occasionally during treatment a small amount of the formalin-creosote preparations commonly used for treatment will by accident come in contact with the mucous membrane of the mouth and thereby cause severe pain. A pledget of cotton saturated with a three per cent. solution of eucaine and applied to the surface affected will give immediate relief.—Roy C. Rowley, D.D.S.

 * || DENTAL DIDDINGS || *

Contributors to this column are requested to write with ink and on only one side of the paper. The name of the contributor is to be signed, that the H Y A Y A K A may know whom to interrogate in case the contribution not being clear, but the name shall not be published. All Diddings may be deposited in H Y A Y A K A box or handed to the Local Editor.

The monthly scriptural lesson is found in the seventh Book of Sandercock the Twelfth, chap. 947 :

1. Fuss and the world fusses with you.
2. Yea, one good luss deserves another.
3. Again I say unto you, 'Once a fusser, always a fusser.'
4. A fuss by any other man might cause trouble.
5. It takes two fusses to make a fuss.
6. When in Fusherville, do as the fussers do.
7. And they ask him, 'What is fussing ?'
8. Replieth he, 'Say nothing but fuss good.'

* * * * *

Tindale, '13—"I was ashamed of you at the dinner the other night, you made so much noise drinking your tea. It sounded as though you were gargling."

McLean, '13—"Why, I was only sipping it because it was hot."

Tindale—"Hot ! Why didn't you-pour it into your saucer, the way I did ?"

* * * * *

Soules, '14 (to Morley, '12)—"And you are from Hamilton. Shake ! I'm always glad to meet a sensible man."

Morley—"What makes you think me sensible ?"

Soules—"The fact you are from Hamilton proves it. Otherwise you would be there yet."

* * * * *

Powers, '11—"I wish I had lots of money."

Lackner, '11—"Suppose wishes came true, wouldn't it be better to wish for brains or common sense ?"

Powers—"Naturally, every one wishes for what he hasn't got."

* * * * *

Shaw, '13—"What is love ?

A little sighing,
A little crying,
Sometimes dying—
And lots of lying !"

* * * * *

Dr. A. W. T. (to Juniors)—"Some were absent Friday, some are absent to-day, some will be absent when the roll is called up yonder !"

* * * * *

Spieres, '14—"Pattison had toothache the other day. In a mirror he saw the exposed nerve. Taking it in his hand he went down town to the dentist's. Then he lost his nerve."

Dr. W. T. S. (to Sophs in Anatomy)—“Give a definition for Anatomy. Write your answers.”

Detlor, '12, wrote—“Anatomy is the human body, which consists of three parts, the head, the chist, and the stummick. The head contains the eyes and the brains, if any. The chist contains the lungs and a piece of the liver. The stummick is devoted to the bowels, of which there are five: a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y.”

* * * * *

Seffen, '14—“Is that Junior who gave you a cigar a friend of yours?”

Coveyduc, '14—“Don't know; haven't smoked it yet.”

* * * * *

Dr. G. (in Bacteriology)—“What is the highest form of animal life?”

Luscumb, '12—“The giraffe!”

* * * * *

Jones, '12, knows of a drug store near the College that has a soda fountain over which is a sign which conveys a hint readily understood by those thirsty people who like a stimulant in their soda. The sign reads: “Just wink at Billy. Billy knows!” So does Fred.

* * * * *

Forster, '13—“Did you hear about Wiltse teaching school?”

Harris, '13—“Where? How many pupils has he?”

Forster—“Two pupils! One in each eye.”

* * * * *

Simmons, '11, went to the drug store the other day and asked for something to cure a headache. The druggist held a bottle of ammonia to his nose and he was almost overpowered with the pungency. As soon as he recovered, he threatened to punch the druggist's head. “Didn't it ease your headache?” was asked. “Ease my headache!” gasped Simmons. “I have not got a headache. It's my friend who has a headache.”

* * * * *

Dr. C. (in Physiology)—“What sensation would you have on entering the boarding house and smelling something good for dinner?”

McCarten, '13—“A sensation of surprise.”

* * * * *

Merkeley, '11, was overheard to say lately: “The boys came out from over in between them coats.” Rather heavy on prepositions, n'est-ce pas?

* * * * *

Fletcher, '14 (reviewing Comparative D. Anatomy)—“How do you know a young partridge from an old one?”

Watson, '14—“By the teeth, sure!”

Fletcher—“Nonsense, a partridge hasn't got teeth.”

Watson—“No, sir! But I have!”

* * * * *

Pivnick, '12—“Ven you zell a coat to a man vot wants a coat, dot's nodding but ven you zell a coat to a man vot dond vant a coat, dot's peezniss, boys—dot's peezniss.”

From one pound of soap we can produce 25,344,000 soap bubbles. Some of these days Dr. C—— will ask some Freshie to count the number of bubbles in a mix of plaster.

* * * * *

Kerr, '12, asks: "When Fortune smiles does she show her front teeth?"

* * * * *

Zimmerman, '14—"Have a drink?"

Ante, '14—"Nope; turned my back on booze."

Zimmerman—"In love?"

Ante—"Nope, drove a beer-wagon all last summer."

* * * * *

Douglas, '12 (to Cummings, his visitor)—"Sit down. Have a glass of water and cool off."

Cummings, '12—"Water! Why, damme, ain't that the stuff they put under bridges?"

* * * * *

Ault, '11, says: "While McCurdy made some progress in that direction, it will be some time yet before you will be able to fly over to Cuba and buy a cigar every time you want a good smoke."

* * * * *

Decker, '12—"What is a bustle?"

Mitchell, '12—"Hush! It isn't right to speak of anything behind a lady's back."

* * * * *

IN 1911.

"Yes," said Armstrong, '11, as he threw himself at the feet of the sweet girl, "I love you and would go to the world's end for you!" "You could not go to the end of the world for me, Milton. The world, as it is called, is round like a ball, slightly flattened at the poles. One of the first lessons in elementary geography is devoted to the shape of the globe. You must have studied it when you were a boy." "Of course I did, but——." "And it is no longer a theory. Circumnavigators have established the fact." "I know, but what I meant is that I would do anything to please you. Ah, dear, if you only knew the aching void——." "There is no such thing as a void, Milton. Nature abhors a vacuum. But admitting that there could be such a thing, how could the void you speak of be a void if there was an ache in it?" "I meant to say my life will be lonely without you. I want you to be my wife. There!!! Well, Milton, since you put it in that way, I——." 'Nuf said, Micky!

* * * * *

Johnson, '13—"What's the difference between a vision and a sight?"

Joyce, '13—"A girl at a party is a vision. Coming out of the water—gee! A sight!"

* * * * *

Atkinson, '12 (on the Harem skirt) says: "Man has worn trousers too long to allow woman to appropriate them without protest."

Miller, 'I4 (to Harry Stewart about his sweetheart 'Bessie')—
 "How did you get on the good side of her mother?"

H. Stewart, 'I4—"Met the old lady in the dark hallway and kissed her, then apologized saying I was sure she was the daughter."

* * * * *

Tanner, 'I2 (illustrating an Englishman):

'Arf a hinch, 'arf a hinch,

'Arf a hinch honward,

'Ampered by 'obble skirt,

'Opped the "400."

* * * * *

White, 'I3—"An optimist is a man who can make lemonade out of the lemons handed to him" (and White knows!).


The Gates-Glidden Drill.—In choosing drills select those that are made with the shanks tapering from the head to the shoulder, so that if a break occurs it will be at the weakest point, the shoulder, leaving the shank accessible so that it can be grasped with pliers and removed.—S. J. Fernandez, Dental Cosmos.

* * * * *

Cementing on Bands in Regulating Cases.—In putting on bands the teeth should be smeared with cement as well as the bands; this is imperatively necessary to prevent the devitalization of the teeth on which the appliances are placed. Too much care cannot be taken in regard to this.—Dr. C. F. Allan, International Dental Journal.

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GENIUS, that power which dazzles mortal eyes,
Is oft but perseverance in disguise.
Continuous effort, of itself implies,

In spite of countless falls, the power to rise,
'Twixt failure and success the point's so fine,
Men sometimes know not where they touch the line.

Just when the pearl was waiting one more plunge,
How many a struggler has thrown up the sponge!

As the tide goes clear out, it comes clear in ;

In business, 'tis at turns the wisest win.

And oh, how true, when the shades of doubt dismay,

'Tis often darkest just before the day.

A little more persistence, courage, vim!

Success will dawn o'er fortune's golden rim.

Then take this honey for the bitterest cup ;

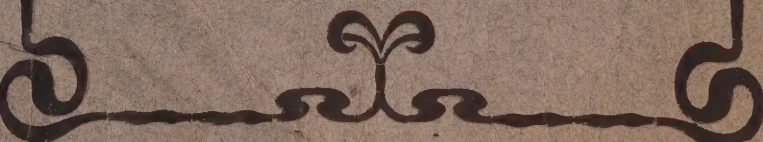
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ING UP.

No real fall as long as one still tries,

For seeming set-backs make the strong man wise.

There's no defeat, in truth, save from within ;

Unless you're beaten there, you're bound to win.



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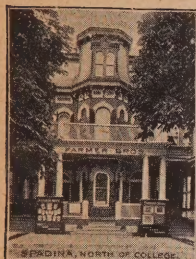
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VOL. IX.

TORONTO, APRIL, 1911.

No. 6

CONDENSATION OF GOLD

By Lloyd A. Moffatt.

Gold, from the inherent properties possessed by it, is capable of being manufactured into so many different and varying forms and states of softness, that in considering the methods of its condensation, these different forms, as well as the nature of the substance against which it is to be placed and the instruments to be used in its manipulation must all be taken into account.

For many years after dentistry had assumed the dignity of a profession what is termed hand pressure was alone employed in condensing the filling material. During that period also the only form of gold employed was that known as soft or non-cohesive foil. For this particular kind of gold this method of condensation was practised. However, as the importance of saving more broken down teeth became apparent, it became impressed upon the profession that something more was needed than soft foil and hand pressure. Then came the discovery of the cohesive gold and with this discovery the necessity of applying different energy for its condensation as hand pressure could only be successfully used to begin an operation or for the starting of a gold filling.

It was then that the striking blow became evident and that the pieces of gold must be fed in and condensed gradually by adding and packing piece by piece. The progress of this method was slow so the manufacturers looked for something else that might be condensed more rapidly and still retain the principles of the cohesive foil and this brought into existence the fiber and crystal forms. For condensing these we have two distinct forces, the mallet and the hand pressure. As to which of these forces is best for tightly filling cavities of teeth remains yet in discussion, some authorities recommending the mallet for both forms, some the mallet for the cohesive only and the hand pressure for the moss fiber, while others say the hand pressure for both.

That the essential quality of a filling is to have the adaptation to the cavity surface so as to preclude moisture or bacteria is agreed upon without question. This being the case then it becomes very apparent at once that that form of gold coupled with the form of instrument used and the form of force most applicable which can adapt it more closely to the surface walls of the tooth is the combination which will most successfully combat and prevent the return of the carious process. All forms of gold when repeatedly furnished or bent, rapidly acquire a flexible brittle condition, consequently it is possible to mallet gold with too much force. The denture of a tooth and especially in young patients, possesses the property of elasticity and will rebound if struck too solidly by a mallet or some other driving force.

However, over condensation is more liable to occur in cohesive foil than either of the other forms, with non-cohesive foil there is little or no tendency for it to assume a friable condition. Fibrous gold should be manipulated more like the cohesive gold and can stand more malleting than hand pressure.

Now let us consider the instruments and application of force. The handle should be large with a knob to support the fingers grasping it while the bent shank is found to be more satisfactory than a straight one, lessening the impact in this and securing a better view of the operating field. The point should at all times approximate the cavity with a serrated, flat or convex condensing area. No point should have a condensing area of more than one square millimeter, usually about one-half a square millimeter is sufficient for the greater this area might be the greater the force applied must be. From two to twelve pounds is all the force necessary to pack gold and many complain of the automatic for this reason because the force varies and is usually much less than the required amount. One millimeter of condensing area under an eight pound force on I-32 of a grain of gold gives a condensing area of seventeen pounds. The mallet, however, is useful where a direct force is required as in the occlusal cavities of large contour fillings in molars.

Much discussion has arisen about the use of condensing instruments. Fresh wood was used, then lead and finally a leather faced mallet, in fact, gold pluggers had a rubber tip. Manufacturers and the profession were trying to reduce the shock to the tooth, but like many others were faithfully working out an erroneous principle. The softer the face of the instrument the greater is the impulse. A yielding blow gives an impulse. The harder the face, the greater the impact and the less the impulse relatively. A man splitting rails uses a mallet and not a metal hammer to drive his wedges because he desires most of impulse and less of impact. But with the dentist he desires impact because it is a sudden condensing force, a rivetting force and not a driving force that is required.

Then lastly we have machine mallets now on the market of different makes, but all of the same principle. These are especially useful in posterior cavities of difficult access. They give a light but rapid blow in all directions.

In conclusion may the main point of this paper be in the nature of a plea for conservation and an argument in favor of hand mallet pressure for the condensation of gold in cavities in teeth.

A NEW ENGLAND STATE SECRET.

A poor little laddy from Maine
 Had a terrible toothachy pain.
 A dentist, the best of New Hampshire's,
 Would pry the tooth out with the lamp shears;
 But one from advanced Massachusetts
 Said he'd rather give him some new sets.
 His mother, who came from Vermont,
 Said new ones were not quite her want.
 His elderly aunt from Connecticut
 Would wrap his face up in a petticoat.
 But the toothache was cured in Rhode Island
 By a drop from a rocky old highland.

A GOOD INVESTMENT

By Ralph E. Luther, D. D.S.

Up ! Up ! my friends, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double !
Up ! Up ! my friends, and clear your looks—
Why all this toil and trouble ?

In selecting a name for this paper, I must confess to a little deception.

Far be it from me to wish, at this time, to tell you of any good working plaster of Paris or any other kind of a "plaster" on your real estate, personal effects or any of your worldly goods. Rather would I counsel you to seek to remove the plasters from your body and keep yourself so that these medicinal agents would be unnecessary. I knew if I chose a name indicative of the real contents of this paper, all the scientists would be off in some quiet corner devising a new and novel machine for casting dental metals or working out some scheme for introducing a germ into the edentulous gums to grow teeth and obviate the necessity for artificial dentures. I knew also that the financiers would be at the manufacturers' exhibits trying to buy 14k gold at 20 per cent. off for cash. It is these two classes of men that I am "laying for"; hence my deception. In fairness to the others who, like myself, would rather play than work, I should say that I have nothing for you.

I would that my talents were adequate to impress on each of you the necessity of recreation. Re-creation, what better investment could an individual make than one that would re-create him? In starting on the journey of professional life, the dentist soon comes to a fork in the road and he must decide his course then and there, for these two forks diverge and it is a long way back to the divide. One fork leads a man through a life of close and constant application to practice. This soon becomes drudgery and leads to broken health and an early grave. The other fork is much longer and carries with it close application to work during shorter hours with a good amount of time for recreation.

Let us compare the work of the dentist with that of our other professional men to ascertain whether the necessity for our recreation is sufficient to warrant a paper on the subject. I can do no better than to quote Dr. B. Holly Smith in this connection in a recent article, as follows :

"I make the statement that from my observation dentists are the hardest worked professional men of whom I have had knowledge; that they work under more trying circumstances and for longer hours. A hard day at the chair will take more out of a man than will anything I know of; and yet the careful and successful practitioner must recognize that in each successive operation the operator should feel and be at his best, or failure may result. Let us compare his work with that of some other specialists.

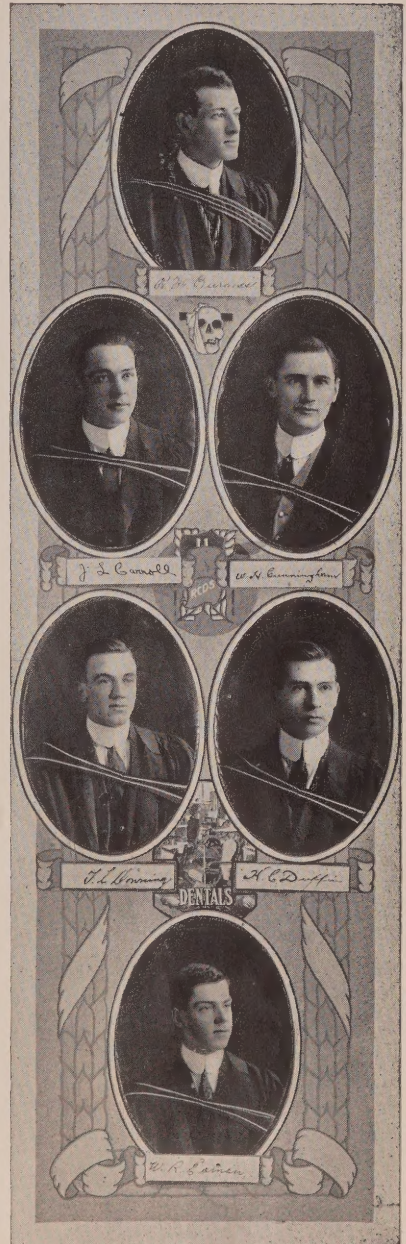
"The oculist, or the throat and nose specialist, between the hours of nine a.m. and one or possibly two p.m., sits in his chair making examinations and wielding his spray, applicator, curette or knife. Possibly, after an hour for lunch, he may spend one or two hours in the afternoon at the hospital or infirmary. His patients follow each other in rapid succession, none of them staying longer than a few moments, and he charges a fee from two to five dollars for each treat-

ment. The gynecologist and the general surgeon operate for only a few hours of the day, and usually they are surrounded by an army of assistants and nurses, who aid them in their operations and assume entire charge of the patients. The general practitioner of medicine may have longer hours, but between calls he has the grateful outdoors, the relief from the monotony of one room, and he lives in an atmosphere of adulation; he is constantly made to feel that he and God are the great dispensers of healing and comfort. I do not deny that his heart is often wrung by the suffering of his patients, but in general he does what he can, and is possessed of an easy conscience and a serene mind."

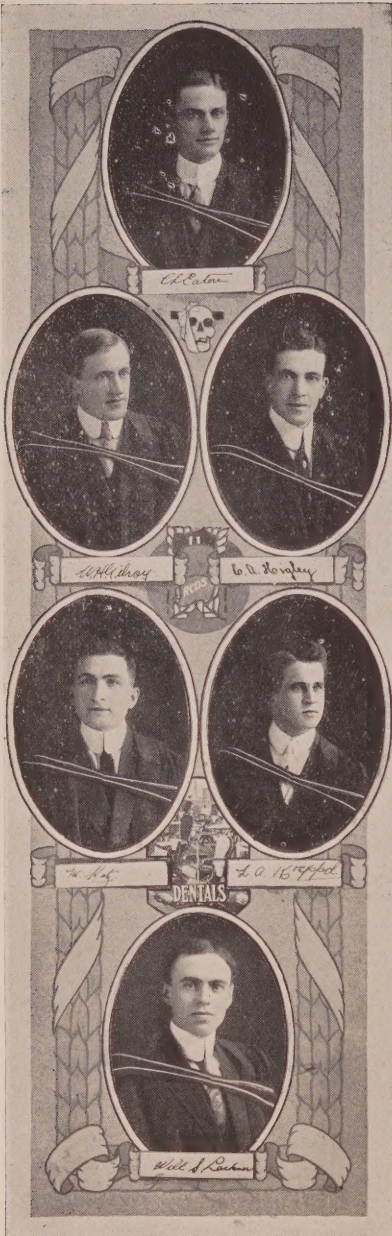
I do not think it necessary to tell you gentlemen how the hours and labors of the average dentist compare with those of our brothers of other professions. You know that the average dentist works from six and one-half to eight hours for six days in a week. (Do any of you work on the seventh or evenings?) We know that the air we breathe is contaminated; that our nervous mechanism is strained to the highest tension and our bodies are much of the time in a cramped position. You all know of many cases of dentists with broken health at thirty to forty years of age, many of whom are filling early graves. I would call your attention to Section 3 of Article I of the Code of Dental Ethics, which reads: "The dentist should be temperate in all things, keeping both mind and body in the best possible health, that his patients may have the benefit of that clearness of judgment and skill which is their right." Are we then truly ethical and reputable dentists, doing full duty to our patients, to say nothing of ourselves, when we neglect the health of our bodies? Let me make a few suggestions as to how we can temper our labors with a reasonable amount of healthful diversion. The keynote is this, "Cultivate a Hobby." Select one that appeals to you, something that you will enjoy, but above all, let it be one that will take you out of doors and will furnish a reasonable amount of exercise. The average man gets comparatively little benefit out of the dumb-bells or chest-weighs, because he does it as a duty and gets little pleasure or good air and no sunshine out of it. The latter two are essential to all forms of animal and plant life. I have a friend, a surgeon, who frequently changes his hobby. This year he purposes to discover what snakes inhabit western New York. So much for snakes. Then there is botany, geology, etc., for you who wish to broaden the horizon of your learning as well as improve your body. For others there is tennis and golf and the many other out-of-door sports, not forgetting hunting, fishing, boating and walking. And available for all, during the winter months, there is in nearly every locality the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium with its business men's classes, and I assure you that there is no game that will make you feel "care free" equal to Volley ball in a gymnasium. Some will say "I am too busy, I haven't time." Bosh! Take the time; run your practice; don't let it run you. Be satisfied with smaller weekly returns, take recreation, and you will be making money when the "pluggers" are gone to the beyond. What can you get out of this world besides a living? Be sure you get that.

I do not see how I can avoid giving a little personal history. I do it without any apology and am not claiming that my way is best. I do the things that I enjoy, but there are others just as good. I go to work at from 8 to 9 a.m., and take as short a time for lunch as possible, stopping work seldom later than 5 and more often at 4.30 p.m. I am through work at noon on Satur-

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HYA YAKA



day and never work Sundays or evenings, except as it becomes necessary to alleviate pain. From 5 to 6 or 7 for three days a week during winter months I play Volley ball in the Y. M. C. A. In the summer I play tennis and golf, and this year shall also paddle a canoe. Through the greater part of the year I spend my Saturday afternoons and Sunday mornings in the country, usually in the woods, often alone, more often with friends or my five-year-old son. Some of my friends may disagree with me as to my way of spending Sundays during church hours, but I believe that I am doing better by myself and am just as near to my Creator as I would be in a close, stuffy, poorly ventilated church. A few years ago I met the hobby that I shall probably ride all my days. I became interested in dogs and chose the "nervy little beagle" as the breed of my particular fancy. I always take one or more with me on my tramps, and therefore do not lack music for my choir while attending my Sunday morning service, provided they are fortunate in starting a bunny. During the hunting season I am in my glory, and then I get a part of my vacation in addition to the two weeks I always take. Many are the moments I have spent in full anticipation, while standing on a stump in the woods waiting for the hounds to bring "Mr. Bunny" around, and frequently I become so interested in listening to the music of their voices and watching their work that I forget to shoot. I would not dare to start telling of the rabbit sense that "old Beauty" has or the wonderful feats she can accomplish, else I would talk you to sleep.

What does this give me? Perfect health. I'm never tired at night, and therefore better able to do my work. It costs me some, of course, but can any one dispute its being a good investment? I believe that of all the forms of recreation, getting into the woods is the best and most restful. I cannot tell you how much my heart goes out to a man who has never harkened to the "Call of the Wild."

Of that number of American Indians who have had the privilege and benefit of higher education, it has been said that the vast majority, in the course of time, return to the blanket. That is to say, they throw off the tracings of their collegiate influences and, as the whisper of the ever-glowing spark, the transmitted self and hereditary love, awaken in their breasts the lives and deeds of the primitive red man. The sound of the wild is predominant. Again, in his fancy, he sees his ideal, he wants conspicuousness; he wants the existing struggle, blue beads, and a life of ease. No longer is he willing and satisfied only to live, work with his hands and associate with the common herd. The unmistakable call has sounded and to the primitive and happy life he must go.

But let us not think that the call is always a signal for retreat and a sign of retrogression. For such cannot possibly be the case. It is the truly great man who can, in all the bustle and stir of life, keep a sense of solitude, a steadfast faith and a never-waning desire for an occasional retreat to Nature. To him the sounding "Come! Come!" is never heard and is as a guardian star in the shaping, molding and maintaining of his character. It is an ever-present proof against the many sordid effects of the contaminating world of business.

"As boys, it is very probable that we were all very much alike; went to school through the woods, found the first blooming flowers, fought over the violets and stole off hunting hazels with the girls." And we gained thus a store of knowledge that only the world can marvel at. Cultivate, if you please, the imagination

in the child, give him a chance to observe and think, and you have added to the general good of the world. You have left humanity far better than you found it. It is by far the best plan to take the child direct to Nature. Take a flower, pull it apart, set his curiosity afire, and when he has learned the symbol of its beautiful petals he will delight in his educational acquisition and hold the coveted secret. You are, too, laying the foundation for a joy in after life, when the unerring call is heard. Happiness is a very great panacea, and there is no great joy apart from the joy that loves the whole world. This love is sure to evince itself and is very easily traceable in the annual egress from the city. The inclination is felt with the completion of each day's work.

Can't you hear the calling, Dicky, calling to the wild,
Our sister of the solitudes sweet and undefiled,
Singing in the silence that old, alluring strain,
Calling to the Long Trail, beyond the last moraine?

But when in the days of sorest adversity, when life is slowly ebbing and the star of hope has at last sunk behind the narrowing horizon of your mortal span, when desires are all crushed and fancies impossible, it is then that the clear and distinct "call of the wild" is heard; the call of Nature, and she draws close to her, cools your pulsing brow and heaving breast and fills you with the throb of her active life.

And can you deny the fact that, when he "answers the wail of the forest!" and bubbles over with unconscious strains of sweet music, the poet is answering the call of Nature? Oh! thou, who in majesty doth mold and cast the destinies of men, teach us to remember that our present is only the child of the past and yet a guardian and parent star of a future to be. Teach us that a sense of recognition, love and natural sympathy is the only force in the world that can cover and conceal the death-throb of a guarded and nurtured honor.

ON THE INSIDE LOOKING OUT

It was my first visit to a Dentist—that is, seeking his professional services. I entered the operating room with much the same feeling as a mouse going into a mouse-trap. "Well, what's the trouble?" said the Doctor, cheerfully, "toothache?" I climbed into the operating chair—not half as comfortable as a barber's chair—and swung open the front door of my mouth. Then he took a little looking-glass on the end of a spike and shoved it among my teeth. With a miniature crow-bar, he pried round the necks of my teeth. Whenever it touched a spot that made me jump, he prodded it twice more—for luck, perhaps, then said, "Does that hurt?" Hurt! That was last week, and it hurts yet. If he had been trying to poke a sleeping pussy from under the cook-stove, he would not then have prodded so vigorously. "Aha!" he said, "a cavity. I'll have to kill the nerve." "Kill it!" I said, "why I thought you had stabbed it to death." "It is necessary to put in a little dressing," said he, calmly, as though used to it. I always did like dressing with plenty of summer savory in it, and sage, like mother made. But when he soaked a wad of cotton in some rank-smelling stuff, I sat up once more. "What's that for? I haven't got the ear-ache!" "This will devitalize the nerve,"

he said, "and next day we clean out and fill." And he sealed it all over with a kind of cement.

Then the program commenced and before I got home, that little pellet of cotton had become a bale of hay. At night I dreamed I was in the barn down on the farm and another guy was pushing bales of hay down my throat with a railway tie. And when I awoke about 2 a.m. Woof. How the pain did shoot! Down one leg, up the other, up behind my ear, across my eyes and stopped—right in the neck. It must have been short-circuiting, it was a live wire, alright. Finally it did not jump as much and I fell asleep between throbs, but in the morning, it was still a-jumping. Back to Doctor goes I. He took out the dressing, and said he could see the top of the nerve which by this time had ceased aching, was dead. Then with a small-sized cork-screw he went down into the nerve—you know how to take a cork out of a bottle, yum-yum, how nice! Well, just the same way, only this was an empty bottle, perhaps! Then he gave it a yank—say! Did you ever see an engine yank a train of freight cars? This nerve jerked the other nerve connected with it and this stretched the main line which nearly pulled the transmitter out of Brain Central. As it was, the Heart was knocked off its beat, yea, my Lungs almost had the wind knocked out of them. And there was the nerve, a little shiny piece of stuff. Was it dead now? Cats are hard things to kill, but they are a cinch compared with a nerve. I did not think I had much nerve.

And there was another tooth in my mouth that had made its will, it was to be swung into Eternity. So I said, "Let her rip!" And the Doctor picked up a pair of distorted pincers. Yea, the last state shall be worse than the first. Doesn't the Bible say that? Suddenly the arm of the Doc. pounced forward, there was the cruel, rude clutching of steel jaws round my tooth, then a rending, crashing jerk, was the top of my head off? How quickly did it happen? Did you ever the story about the fast coon? Hewas stealing water-melons when their owner appeared with a shot-gun. Suppose Sambo did not go some! Bang went the gun and there was the whiz of a bullet. "I done heard dat bullat twice! Deed I did," Sambo afterwards told his friends. "What do you mean by that?" they asked. He said, "I hearn dat bullat once when it passed me, and den another time when I passed it!" How quickly did my tooth exit? Well, it could easily have kept ahead of that "nigger." But I've a good notion to take a hammer and drive it back into place again. I'm sure it is sound because I stuck it right into a chocolate, poured hot and cold water on it, even covered it with honey to see it ache and it never even squirmed.

R. G. M., '12.

 * || GLEAMING BARBS || *

Optimism is the first born of hope, the mother of confidence, the executioner of adversity and the undertaker of pessimism.

Genius may have its limitations, but stupidity is not thus handicapped.

A hearty, cheerful, wholesome laugh will make the pulse beat faster and the eye gleam brighter than any Caruso ever sang; and it costs nothing.

A friend whom you have been gaining during your whole life you ought not to be displeased with in a moment. A stone is many years becoming a ruby; take care that you do not destroy it in an instant against another stone.

LET CHANCE SLIP BY.

He heard a timid knock upon his door;
 He rose, at length and opened it, to find
 That Opportunity had just been there,
 But, having passed to knock some otherwhere,
 Had merely deigned to leave her card behind.

Upon another day he heard a knock,
 This time 'twas louder, bolder than before;
 Unwilling that the visitor should pass
 He rushed to draw the bolt and found, alas,
 That Trouble's knee was pressed against the door.

The most I can do for my friend is simply to be his friend. I have no wealth to bestow upon him. If he knows that I am happy in loving him, he will want no other reward. Is not friendship divine in this?

Don't use perfume. A scented young man is the "limit."

Don't fake. A fellow may bury his grandmother twice, but the third time he will be out of a job.

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life he will soon find himself alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair.

Exam time is cram time.

Don't be noisy, the guffaw evinces less enjoyment than the quiet smile.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen
 The saddest are these; it might have been.

Life ain't so much in holdin' a good hand, but in playin' a poor hand well.

To the Seniors:

"The unwelcome hour is come
 When thou transplanted from thy genial home
 Must find a colder soil, a bleaker air."



DENTAL DIDDINGS



Contributors to this column are requested to write with ink and on only one side of the paper. The name of the contributor is to be signed, that the H Y A Y A K A may know whom to interrogate in case the contribution not being clear, but the name shall not be published. All Diddings may be deposited in H Y A Y A K A box or handed to the Local Editor

The Weather :—Showers of work, study gales shifting to a general exam hurricane.

* * * * *

Art Hynes, '12, says, "We do not expect to find all we long for in heaven, and we are not hard to suit either."

* * * * *

Don't fail to hear Tom Jones' latest yarn : "Rhermopolypnea," or "How I went over Niagara Falls on a billiard-ball !"

* * * * *

Dewar—"Am I a sport ? Well, I can run some. I have won three races this term—one with the sheriff, and two with the police."

* * * * *

Notice—\$10 reward for any information concerning the swiping of a plate of fudge set on the window-sill to cool one day not long ago.

* * * * *

Alderson, '11 (to his lady friend)—"Why have you got the sweet oil on your lips ?"

Young Lady—"To keep the chaps away."

* * * * *

Morton, '13 (to Moffatt)—"Here ! Keep your eye on my case for a minute."

Moffatt, '11—"Sir ! I'm a Senior."

Morton—"You look honest. I'll take a chance."

* * * * *

Minister (to Sunday school class)—"And if you are good boys, you will go to heaven and have a gold crown put on your head."

Rutledge, '14—"Not for mine ! I had one of those things put on a tooth the other day."

* * * * *

O'Brien, '14—"Harry Stewart and Minnie held hands for three solid hours last night."

M'ler, '14—"What a silliness !"

O'Brien—"Not at all ; they were holding whist hands."

* * * * *

Jack Wilson, '11 (to her little brother)—"I am going to marry your sister, Jimmy, but I'm not good enough for her."

Little Brother—"That's what Sis says, but ma's been telling her she can't do any better."

* * * * *

"Now, gentlemen," said the teacher of the Bible class, "what does this fascinating story of Jonah and the whale teach us ?"

Merkeley, '11—"It teaches us that we cannot keep a good man down."

Swift, '14 (to Grant Fraser)—"Say! That dance we saw at the show last week reminds me of Eaton's Friday bargains."

Grant Fraser, '14—"How is that?"

Swift—"Because almost everything was fifty per cent. off."

* * * * *

Landlady (to Dixon, '13)—"You are three weeks behind in your board. You must either pay your board or leave."

Dixon—"Thanks! The last place I boarded at, the m'ssus made me do both."

* * * * *

McIntyre, '12 (to Davis after the dance)—"Never you mind. I had a good girl to take home anyway. When we got to the house she asked me in to have a drink of beer, but I said buttermilk would do."

Moore, '12—"And he didn't get home till one o'clock, neither."

* * * * *

Dr. Seccombe—"Do you declare this declaration true?"

Gilroy—"Pretty much true."

Dr. Seccombe—"That won't do."

Gilroy—"I do."

* * * * *

Peare, '12—"Did you get a taste of that fudge made by the girls? Sugar is sweet and so are they."

Gilroy, '11—"No chance. It was made for the Bear(e), the cod-fish (Cummings) and another friend."

* * * * *

Robertson, '12 (preparing gold about to be inserted) sings:

"Perchance the very gold we use to-day

Was by the Undertaker yesterday

Filched from some quiet mouth, and yet may serve

To gladden some one else—we cannot say."

* * * * *

Lady No. 1 (after the Dental dance)—"Oh, I couldn't love him."

Lady No. 2—"Why not?"

Lady No. 1—"He wears a wig the very idea!"

Then the dear creature removed two rats, some puffs, a coronet braid, a pompadour and switch, and sat down to peruse a novel.

* * * * *

Bond, '12 (to Vair)—"I hear that you and the 'kid' are on the outs again."

Vair, '12—"Oh! She asked me for a peppermint drop in church last Sunday and broke off a front tooth before she discovered that by mistake, I had passed over a bridge counter."

* * * * *

Minns, '12 (in Infirmary to Stevens on whom he is working)—"I won't let you work any longer on me to-day. Your breath smells horrible."

Stevens, '12—"That don't matter to you. I haven't asked you to kiss me."

* * * * *

Dr. Stewart (to Schwartz)—"Why don't you pay more attention to your personal appearance. You look as though you hadn't shaved for a week."

Schwartz, '11—"But I am growing a moustache!"

Dr. S.—"That's no excuse. You must do that sort of thing out of business hours."

MacGregor, '12—

"I sipped from her lips the nectar,
As under the moon we sat,
And wondered if ever another man
Had drunk from a mug like that."

Tanner, '12 (absent-minded)—"Pass that mug this way."

* * * * *

Wagg, '11—"Rev. Dr. ——— said last Sunday, 'My friends, the floors of hell are paved with wine, automobiles, chorus girls and peek-a-boo waists.'" Wagg was horrified to hear Cunningham yell: "O death! where is thy sting?" and Charlie Wright says, "Going down. Take the red light for mine!"

* * * * *

Notice—Detective Renton ('12) of the Infirmary floor can tell you all about anything "catchy" seen there. Name, address, etc., 25 cents per word. "My motto, gentlemen," says Tom:

"We" try to look intelligent,
But wear a vacant stare;
"We" try to see the elegant
And butt in everywhere.

SOLILIQUIES OF A SENIOR

Say, I was fresh as freshmen go
When I came up four years ago.
I had not seen a single show,
I had not seen a siphon flow,
There's lots of things I did not know
Four years ago;
I did not know the ace from king
Four years ago.

Of "Heart Conventions" not a thing,
Nor could with "Hassans" make a ring,
Nor knew the fumes of "Stonewall's" cling
Four years ago.
I did not know a billiard cue.
Four years ago.

And things of that kind not a few
I cannot tell at all—can you?
How without these I once could do
Four years ago.
Some funny things I used to do
Four years ago.

When now my past career I view,
I think with pride and pleasure, too,
On that exam I beat a few,
Four years ago.

|| * || THE SPORTING WORLD || * ||

HOCKEY and BASKETBALL

JENNINGS CUP SERIES.

In last month's paper an account of the first game was published. School of Science defeated us 2-1, but we considered this loss of little import and backed our team on that cup. The hockey club has had a most successful season, losing but one game. Following is the record :

DENTS vs. SCHOOL.

On the second meeting of these teams in the finals for the district, there was nothing to it but Dents all the way. Rolling up a score of six goals to one in the first half, our boys were quite contented to let them down easy in the latter stage of the game, winning by a score of seven to three. Nevertheless the game was a fair exhibition of hockey, the feature being the playing of Bailey and Knight, point and cover of the Dent team. Dent line-up :—Douglas, Bailey, Knight, Bricker, Sandster, Stewart and Scott.

KNOX COLLEGE vs. DENTS.

In both games with Knox the play was rather ragged, the Presbyterians being completely outclassed by our fast septet of puck-chasers. The only interesting event was the ability of the Knox centre-ice man to use his stick as a scythe. In both games large scores were recorded in favor of the garnet and blue.

MEDS vs. DENTS.

The two games with Meds were perhaps the most interesting in our group. The Dents started the scoring and always held the long end, but they had to extend themselves to do it. After a game in which both forward lines played excellent combination, again our boys emerged victorious to the tune of seven to five. Bailey played gilt-edged hockey in this game and Sangster was there with his old-time rushes. Line-up :—Douglas, Bailey, Knight, Sangster, Bricker, Ross and Stewart.

The Meds defaulted their second game.

VETS vs. DENTS.

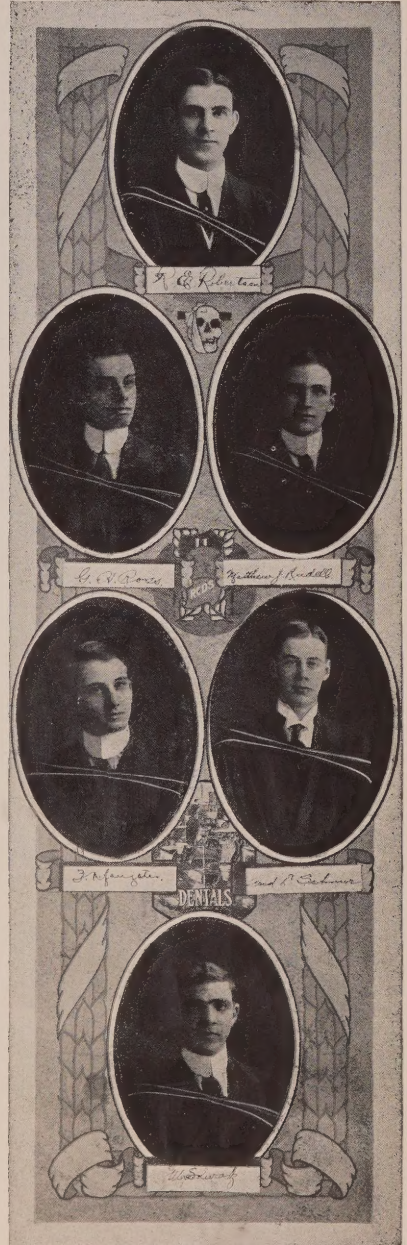
It was a stormy afternoon when the Vets and Dents journeyed to the cattle-pen on Varsity oval. Needless to say the Vets were just in their element under such circumstances and were present in large numbers, clothed in huge overcoats. However, we must give them credit for being the best sports we have met in years. They had a fine team, but, of course, were not in it with the speedy septet from the Dental College. Their stalwart cover-point was by far their best man. Our boys worked like clock-work in spite of the gale which was blowing fiercely. They had the game in hand early and maintained their lead throughout. McDougall, our worthy president, played left wing and held his own to perfection. Dental line-up : Goal, Douglas : point, Bailey ; cover, Knight ; forwards, Sangster, Scott, Bricker, McDougall.

W. H. Mc.

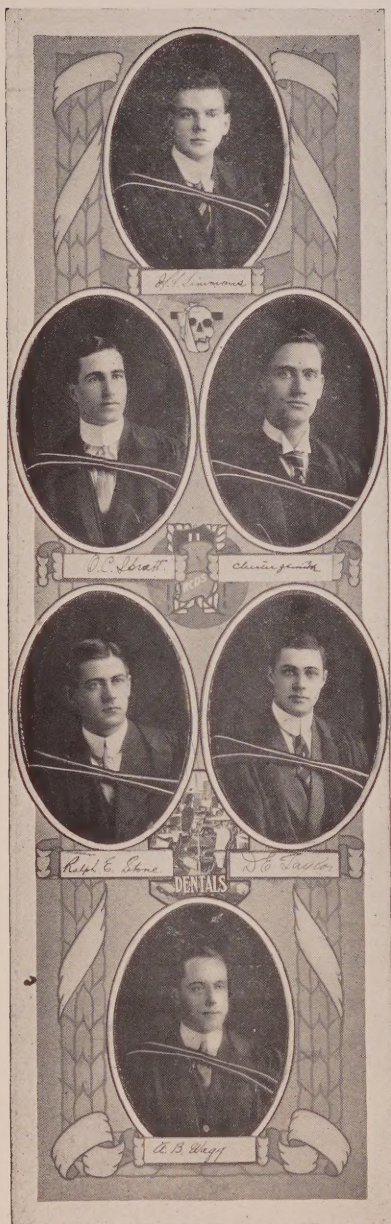
FINAL GAME AT MUTUAL ST. RINK.

Having vanquished the Veterinary College team in the semi-finals we were up against our old friends, Victoria College, in the finals. Vic-

H Y A Y A K A



H Y A Y A K A



toria College had carried off first honors in the other two sections of the Jennings Cup series and as usual had a very fast team. Last year we lost to Victoria in the final, but this year our hopes ran high.

Each team had a big bunch of rooters and to say the rink shook with rooting is letting it down easy. The shrieking of the Victoria girls at times was in itself worth the price of admission. Victoria started the scoring on a shot from in front while Douglas was being entranced by the smiles of a crafty piece of femininity sporting Victoria colors, but Dents soon evened up and then sprang into the lead. It was a spectacular and hard-fought game of hockey from start to finish, neither team giving away an inch. Scott, the old war-horse on right wing, played a great game and was a big factor in the Dents' scoring machine. Bricker, unlike Douglas, although coming in for a fair share of those heavenly smiles, played hockey from the drop of the hat. Bailey at point worked in some very effective rushes, while Knight played his usual good steady game. Stewart at left wing, although opposed by a heavy team, made the rooters take notice at times. Sangster played a good game, making one rush through the entire Vic. team and scoring. Douglas after that first mishap played the nets to a nicety, stopping many that looked like sure goals. He certainly had the Victoria goal-tend beaten a thousand ways. But to get back to where we started, much to the annoyance of the Victoria fans we won by a score of five to three, thus winding up a brilliant season and bringing back the Jennings Cup to its home, the Dental College.

SIDE SHOTS ON GOAL.

The Dent team for next year will be the same with the exception of Sangster and Ross and Macdougall who figured occasionally during the season. From Douglas, Bailey, Knight, Bricker, Scott, Stewart, Roos and Gardiner equally as strong a team may be had. Then Rutledge has been showing signs of developing into a real good man (at hockey).

The Seniors evidently thought the Freshmen a good team to leave in charge, the inter-year trophy.

It is rumored that a few bets were placed on the Senior-Freshmen game.

Rutledge played good hockey.

Ross of the senior team played the game of his life.

Schwalm, the midget goal-tend, filled the nets and saved many well-meant shots.

Bailey and Knight are surely one of the best defences in the city, and were the stumbling block for the seniors.

The Dental College team with Jerry Laflamme on the line-up, should make any of the amateur teams travel to win.

That refusal of T. A. A. C. to meet the Dental College team was a joke. What our boys would do with that T. A. A. C. outfit would be a sore-touch on their supporters.

We have a good team, but then we must not forget that the team has a manager and he is Donald McIntosh. The success of the team this year is largely due to Mac.

It is reported that Knight was considering taking the team on a tour, but the boys objected to playing in such a small town as Sunderland where they say Frank has more than a passing interest.

SENIORS vs. FRESHMEN.

At last, the inter-year games or rather game, has been played.

With the Juniors and Sophomores out of the running it was left to the Seniors and Freshmen to fight out the issue. The modest Freshmen could not be held down and when the rooters of that year collected at Mutual street rink on that memorable Friday afternoon, they "let the people know that they were there." So they were all the time, as the score of 12 to 6 indicates, and although Jerry Laflamme and Sangster did all in their power to avert defeat, it was of no avail. Their combination was very fine at times, but the defence of Knight and Bailey was just a little better, and with Tiny Schwalm in goal there was no getting through.

The Seniors all played hard, but were just a little short of practice, as some of their men easily tired with the hot pace set them. Bill Powers played well, but was no match for the invincible Bricker. Ross played a sound game at right wing and MacDonald at left did his share while he lasted, but unfortunately he got laid out early in the second half, and had to be assisted off the ice. Rutledge had to retire to even things up. Some one said it was to make more room for Jerry, but this is not the case. Jerry was too well looked after. Taylor in goal was always there, but he could not hold the scoring line of '14. Macdougall was as usual stonewall and did all was asked of him in his usual "nippy" style. For the winners Stewart was quite at home on the big ice and worried his opponents in a way that only he knows how. Bricker at centre played a star game and was always there when required. "Scottie" as usual played every inch of the way and his sensational rushes were very fine. Rutledge at rover the first time, played a whale of a game and will be heard of later. Knight was the stumbling block of '11 and played his usual stonewall defence and just went through when he felt inclined. Bailey saved many hard shots and was alive to the situation, going away with the rubber when it came his time to score, while Tiny Schwalm in goal was "all there" and the Seniors were heard to say they could not see the net. Seeing '14 had five on the Jennings Cup team, '11 need not be ashamed to hand the mug over to their safe-keeping, and they may rest assured it will be well looked after for four years.

H. A. HOLMES.

BASKET BALL.

FRESHMEN 27, JUNIORS 19.

That there is considerable sporting blood in the College was shown the other night when five men from the Freshman Class lined up against the Junior five in basket ball. The game started off quite vigorously, the Juniors going in to trim the Freshies from the start. However, the Freshmen were there with the goods and at half-time the score stood only ten to nine in favor of the Juniors. The second half started off as a repetition of the first, but it was here that the wind and staying power of the Freshmen showed up well, and they quickly forged to the lead and soon had it all their own way. For the winners Zimmerman and Rutledge played very well, while for the Juniors Decker was the star, with Davis also in the stellar part, notwithstanding his yellow eye. Score 27-19.

The line-up for the teams was:

Freshmen—Gardiner, left forward; Rutledge, right forward; Zimmerman, centre; Roos, left guard; Bricker, right guard.

Juniors—Davis, left forward; Decker, right forward; Vair, centre; McIntosh, left guard; Moore, right guard.

C. E. V., '13.

The second game of the basket ball league was played on Tuesday, 14th, between the Sophomores and the Seniors, and was rather more interesting because of being amusing rather than scientific. The Seniors commenced with a rush and scored the first basket, rather astonishing the Sophs, to say nothing of themselves. This was followed by a succession of baskets by the Sophomores, who from then took the case in their own hands and dealt rather sparsely to the Seniors. The Grads played good ball, but seemed unable to locate the hoop on the wall.

It was the same way in the second half, the shoots of the Sophomores being extremely exact as compared to that of the Seniors. However, we must congratulate the Seniors on the game, taking into consequence the fact that they had had practically no practice.

For the Sophomores McEwan and Robertson showed up well, while for the Grads Mickey Armstrong and Laflamme played good ball. The score at full time stood 40 to 8 in favor of the Sophomores.

The line-up for the two teams was:—

Sophs.—Vandervoort, right forward; Robertson, left forward; McEwan, centre; Godwin, right guard; McGregor, left guard.

Seniors—Laflamme, right forward; Simmons, left forward; Bamford, centre; Armstrong, right guard; Merkeley, left guard.

STANDING OF THE TEAMS.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.
Freshmen.....	I	I	0
Sophomores.....	I	I	0
Juniors.....	I	0	I
Seniors.....	I	0	I

AN IRISHMAN'S APPRECIATION.

(Written by a son of "Owld" Ireland to his dentist who was so wonderfully successful in making it so it would stick.)

Oi'm happy to state,

Yez made a sucksiss of the illuominum plate

Oi can sot my ould jaw on a hard toasted crust

An' lo ! its molecules crumble to dust;

An' the tuffest steer of the Texas stroipe,

Iz loike a millyon that's over roipe.

Oi gloat on me jaw—Oi schmile a glad schmile

An' say to mesilf every onct in a whoile,

"Whooray fur the Docthur—whooray for his skill,

Oi'll be singing hiz pr-a-siz in heven, Oi will.

Oi'll till St. Peter when yez rechiz th' gate

T' not let yez thru till yez made him a plate,

An' the fellow below that nashez his teeth

Can send yez fur one—it will give him reeleaf.

O Oi'll twang me ould har-rup an' Oi'll sing fur yez, Doc,

If it stops the running of hiven's ould clock.

Yer the frind of m' age, yer th' frind of m' jaw,

Yer a br-rick, ye ar' shoor, so heer iz me paw.

THE DENTAL LABRATORY

Dr. W. E. Cummer, Professor Prosthetic Dentistry, R.C.D.S.

Under the usual conditions which govern the lay-out of a dental office at the present time, namely, limited space, and high rental, the problem is very difficult, and the laboratory, being usually unscen by the patient, and therefore not contributing directly toward the impression we all seek to make upon our patients through our environment, frequently suffers in the distribution of space, both in the matter of the amount of that space, and in its position with respect to the other divisions of the office. Therefore, in the mind of the writer, a brief survey of the features which might be included in a laboratory which might be spoken of as an ideal laboratory, in position, space, and equipment, would seem of greatest utility as being best adaptable to the various conditions under which laboratory practice is carried on, permitting of the utilization or rejection of the various features mentioned, as may be seen fit by the reader.

First of all, the laboratory should have at least one window (if possible with the sill a little higher from the floor than the back of the average work bench (about three feet), opening preferably on the north on the outside of the building. The window or windows and the blinds, etc., controlling the light should be arranged in such a way that their manipulation is possible without moving from the bench. The floor if not hardwood, should be covered with linoleum, which is easily kept clean and waxed, and the walls preferably with a light green washable covering of the Sanitas variety. Naturally it should be within easiest reach from the operating room, and should if possible have an exit independent of the operating room. The basin should be close to the door leading into the operating room, and it is a stroke of good fortune if an opening connected with a chimney is found in the room. The operating room should be connected with the laboratory with an electric bell, enabling him to call an assistant readily, and in the case of a switchboard in the operating room being equipped with appliances for use in the laboratory, such as an electric wax spatula, wires should be run to terminal binding posts in the laboratory the dentist to make use of this great convenience. Secondly, the laboratory should be designed in such a manner that confusion among the various operations, instruments and accessories required for these operations would be almost impossible except for the reason of gross carelessness. Each phase of laboratory work, such as vulcanite work, metal work, porcelain work, plaster investment, calcar work, casting, cleaning and polishing work, melting and pickling work and any other or different division of the work as may be seen fit, should be allotted to a distinct space, should be equipped with a complete outfit of instruments and a complete stock of supplies necessary for the carrying on of the work, and should be as sharply divided from the other departments as it is possible to accomplish in the space at the disposal of the dentist. Each of these departments should be equipped with a separate work bench having a number of drawers, etc., designed to receive the various instruments, supplies and appliances connected with the work of that department, and in each of these compartments also designed to receive, as far as it is possible, each individual instrument or tool (these are obtainable at the supply houses, and usually are well designed, well built and cheap), and care should

be exercised to see that everything is returned to its proper place immediately at the close of their period of use.

As mentioned before, each compartment should have a complete outfit, even if it means perhaps the duplicating or triplicating of articles most commonly in use in the laboratory. Although this involves a slight extra expense in fitting out, it is soon paid for in the time saved in running around, possibly, from one bench to another looking for such as an only wax spatula on duty in the whole laboratory; whereas, if each bench were equipped with those common articles where needed, a great deal of time could be saved the busy operator by having all these things together in one department. Also in connection with this plan of sub-dividing the dental laboratory into departments, if it is at all possible it is wise to have a separate room with a partition running to the ceiling for that branch of the practice in which anything in the nature of dust, odor or material on the floor is likely to be incurred by accident, such as the handling of plaster, moulding in sand, polishing of dentures, pickling or melting metals, etc. This arrangement is favored by most laboratory workers, and certainly adds a great deal to the ease in maintaining cleanliness and system.

Of great value, especially in "breaking in" a new assistant, is the system of numbering each drawer or instrument receptacle in the laboratory, and numbering the instruments, tools, etc., to correspond, and this is where not possible, labelling the drawers. Thus the drawer in which the gold files are kept is numbered say No. 5, and each gold file is numbered with a five marked on the handle. And sand paper for instance of which it is not convenient to number each individual piece, may be kept in a convenient receptacle or drawer labelled sand paper. Thus an assistant may easily familiarize herself with a strange laboratory without troubling the dentist by questions.

Compressed air, gas, electricity, battery current, sparking or igniting current, or water should be conveniently led to any of these different benches or laboratory departments as may be necessary, as will be noted below, and in these connections the writer believes it to be a great advantage at the outset to have the water, gas and electricity for his office and laboratory so installed that they may be turned on or off at the entrance either of the office or preferably the laboratory. Thus on leaving at night the current gas and water may be shut off, doing away with possibility of leakage, flooding, short circuiting, etc.

A light line shaft has been found useful in some laboratories such as used sometimes in tailor shops for running sewing machines. With it one motor may be made to operate two or more fans for circulating air in summer, different grinding and polishing head in different departments, small air compressed pump tumbling box for mixing investments, exhaust fans for the hoods, mentioned below, or any other special appliance requiring rotary movement as may be required.

In some laboratories, also, a system of removing dust, noxious gases from acids, fluxes, vulcanizer, polishing lathe, etc., has proven useful, and is especially easy of installation where an opening exists in the laboratory into a chimney or flue. Light sheet metal tubing over suitable heads of the same material may be made by a good tinsmith. If led into a good chimney the natural draft is sufficient, if led directly outside the building through a window sash or similar opening, a special exhaust fan which may be procured at fairly low cost and connected with the line shaft, may be connected between the hoods and the outside atmosphere. Compressed air may be readily obtained

by hydraulic or electric pumps, both automatic and requiring little attention and is now a necessity in every well regulated dental office, on account of its manifold uses in the office and laboratory. These installations are satisfactorily put in by reliable firms, and outlets should be placed in that part of the laboratory where the metal work, plaster work, casting work and melting and "pickling" work are done, provided with needle valves in preference to the ground cocks so often supplied. Electric ignition for dental laboratories has been mentioned. For those offices in which the alternating or D. C. 110 volt circuit is installed a 50 C. P. lamp in series from one side of the circuit connected with a lead pencil by means of a suitable length of flexible electric cord, the bared end of which is wrapped around the partly exposed lead of the pencil, forming the ignitor. The blow-pipe bunsen or other burner to be electrically ignited is connected by a wire to a "ground" such as a gas or water pipe. Thus when the gas is turned on and the pencil drawn across the burner, the current leaves the main wire, passes through the 50 C. P. lamp, and is reduced there, and proceeds down the flexible cord, and through the lead of the pencil, jumping across from this to the metallic burner, igniting it by the spark, and from there to the ground, following the well known tendency of electricity. In the case in which a number of ignitions are used, a main wire can be run around from the 50 C. P. lamp in close proximity to each gas burner and flexible cord and lead pencil connected with it opposite each burner, previously grounded, thus with one lamp, furnishing ignitions for any number of burners.

If the electric current is not available, a very good substitute may be found by running a pair of wires in close proximity to each of the burners, and joining them at one end by six good dry cells, and a sparking coil, each as used for the make-and-break spark on an interval combustion engine. Each burner is connected with one side of this circuit, and flexible cord (bared) at the other side, and the drawing across of the bared wire results in a spark sufficiently hot to ignite the gas.

A small rolling mill is almost indispensable in an up-to-date laboratory, and may be used for rolling wax as well as gold. A sensitive balance equipped with weights Troy and Apothecaries is also indispensable for keeping check on precious metals, and may be procured at a very reasonable figure, sensitive to 1-100 of a grain, and incidentally if equipped with a set of metric weights and specific gravity bottle, may be used for specific gravity calculations, if necessary.

A cabinet better provided with a glass door and movable shelf, should be included in the equipment for stock solutions of antiseptics, medicines, laboratory fluids, etc. These as far as possible should be kept in glass bottles, solids as well as liquids, so the dentist may therefore see at a glance, when in the stock any particular article is low. A most useful affair in the laboratory is a small set of pigeon-holes having compartments to correspond for each day of the week. By keeping the work on hand classified in these holes, which are labeled with the name of the days of the week, a dentist can see by taking a glance at this cabinet what is to be done and just what day it is expected to be finished. Also in connection with each department a small note book for "wants," with a lead pencil attached thereto by means of a string, is of great service in preventing those most annoying and time-consuming delays occasioned by the dentist in suddenly

finding himself out of a certain material which he wished to use at short notice.

With regard to stools for the laboratory use, the writer has had the greatest satisfaction with a couple of piano stools without back, and with hardwood seats underneath which a cross brace is fitted of 2 inches by 4 inches long, and fastened to stool by a $\frac{3}{8}$ inch leg screw running up the centre, and upon which are mounted four large ($1\frac{1}{4}$ inch wheels) roller bearing castors. These are cheap, adjustable for height, and are easily pushed under the work bench when not in use.

Passing to a brief description of each of the various equipments in each of the branches of laboratory practice, the vulcanite department of the laboratory should be equipped with a good cabinet designed for that class of work, a number of good specimens of which are for sale at a reasonable figure at the depots. It should be equipped with solid top of hardwood and preferably an elevated position well supported and covered with marble, galvanized iron, or some such substance, upon which should rest the vulcanizer and water heater. A sink should be near at hand, equipped with an instantaneous hot water heater, which can be simply made by making a coil of annealed copper tubing one-eighth of an inch inside measurement and about eleven feet long coiled over a solid-flame Fletcher burner and fitted with a by-pass. With this simple apparatus boiling water can be obtained in five seconds. The vulcanizer and hot water heater should if possible be covered with hoods leading to the main flues, and the vulcanizer blow-off should be led by means of a copper or brass tube well up into the main flue; or, if that is not possible, out of the window into the street.

The gas connections should be made so that they can be operated from underneath, and in front of the bench; and, as also mentioned before, should be fitted with a place for everything, and should always have everything in its place. A useful piece of apparatus for waxing up consists of a small tray fitted about an inch and a half below the bunsen flame, in which the wax scraps are placed. Thus, when the operator while making a denture is engaged in setting up the teeth, the flame which he uses reduces the wax in the tray to a putty-like consistency, with which the work of modelling the lost tissue to be replaced by the denture can be carried on with the greatest facility by means of the fingers of the operator, or may, if reduced below the melting point, be very conveniently brushed on with a small stiff artist brush. A compressed air valve should be located on this bench, as it is exceedingly useful for blowing the water out of inaccessible places in impressions, the rapid drying of shellac on a model, the equal distribution of the same in an impression, the rapid cooling of models, and other uses which from time to time occur. Another useful accessory is a small electric heating disk, wound so that it will reach a temperature of about two hundred degrees Fah., upon which raw rubber can be placed for warming during the act of packing flask. As mentioned before, the cabinet should be equipped with a sparker for each burner, and the other common accessories of the manufacture of vulcanite dentures, etc.

Mention might here be made of the cabinets sold in watchmakers' supply houses, for holding small parts. A small cabinet, about 1 ft. by 5 in. by 4 in. containing twelve small drawers costs only \$1.50, and larger up to \$4.00, making a most useful receptacle for such ar-

ticles as bite gauges, metal stiffeners, wire nails for isolated teeth in impressions, and similar small parts.

Passing on to the gold work department, this should, of course, be equipped with a suitably designed cabinet, the dimensions of which are necessarily not quite as large as rubber cabinet. It should be fitted with gas and compressed air cocks for case heater, and drawers, containing compartments for the various instruments and appliances used for gold work. In this connection we might refer to those trays which contain the precious metals. These should be removable and of ample size and number; this last depending on, of course, the size of this branch of the practice; should be of plate glass preferably, with sub-divisions for various carats of solder and plate and should be made so that they can be securely locked during the absence of the dentist, and included in the work bench should be a tray of ample size for holding the scraps and filings which occur during daily practice.

Mention might here be made of the varied uses to which an ordinary chemical retort stand, worth fifty cents and up, might be made of in the laboratory. For heating water, drying investments, and particularly in soldering work in an investment, are they useful, permitting a bunsen flame beneath and the blow-pipe flame above, giving good control of temperature. By means of a simple appliance made out of a piece of one-quarter round iron, bent to a quarter circle, shown in diagram, and copper basket, a universal movement may be given, holding and tilting an investment at any angle to facilitate the flow of solder with a burner below and a blow-pipe above.

An oxyhydrogen blow-pipe is almost as indispensable, if much porcelain work is done, especially continuous gum, and may be had at a fairly reasonable price, and of small dimensions.

The department of porcelain work next offers itself for consideration. This department should be conveniently located to the gold soldering cabinet for obvious reasons. It should be designed in such a way that while the operator is in a sitting posture his eyes should be on a level with the porcelain furnace, which should always be made to operate from in front. In this connection it might be noted that a small piece of dark spectacle lens, mounted in a single spectacle frame and made to swing in front of the muffle, has been found to be of greatest service in watching the fusion of porcelain. Beneath this and at convenient working height should be a bench fitted with drawers containing compartments for the various instruments, supplies, accessories, etc., for carrying on this branch of dental practice. Also, in this connection it might be noted a simple electric arc device for the fusion of platinum scrap, a coil, made by winding eight pounds of No. 18 magnet copper wire in simple series with a flat carbon, upon which the scrap is to be laid, and a common round carbon such as used for ordinary are street lamps, suitably insulated and mounted, between which the arc is drawn off. With this simple apparatus it is quite easy to fuse small quantities of platinum scrap, and with the rolling mill, which should be always found in a busy office, can easily be reclaimed and used again, but unfortunately its use is limited to the direct current of electricity.

In passing it might be well to note a simple apparatus which can be made from an old electric bell, by means of which porcelain can be packed with great rapidity, ease and thoroughness in a crown or inlay matrix. The knocker of the bell simply taps the porcelain in position, doing away with the necessity of the longer-drawn-out operation

of jogging it down with a serrated instrument. A neat cooling chamber, made with Russian iron preferably, lined with asbestos, fitted with a small door, would be found most useful for cooling inlays, crowns, etc. It is intended that in this department only the actual operation of baking and applying the porcelain should be carried on, while the preparation of the metal frame work is intended to be accomplished on the soldering bench.

In event of the use of a pyrometer, in conjunction with an inlay furnace and continuous gum furnace, both with built-in thermo couples, the one indicator can easily be made to serve both furnaces by connecting them up with a double pole switch; and if desirable the indicator may be placed in the operating room, and the progress of the temperature of the furnace in the laboratory may be watched from the chair.

From these departments we now pass on to a totally different and more mechanical branch, namely, the plaster, sand, swaging and polishing department. This, as before stated, should, if at all possible, be placed in a separate room, and should contain a cabinet with drawers, lined with zinc, and drawers for accessories, for the operation of moulding in sand, and a good-sized sink should be near at hand. The polishing stand should, if possible, occupy a separate position in the laboratory and should be completely enclosed with a hood containing a removable and washable glass front, under which the polishing operation can be carried on without fear of flying particles of polishing material and dust entering the operator's lungs; this hood being connected with the main exhaust flue. An electric light should be inserted a short distance above the mandrel of the lathe, also a needle valve connected with water supply for drip on stone for grinding. The stand should be fitted with drawers containing receptacles for buffs and wheels for polishing metal, buffs and wheels for polishing vulcanite, and a shelf for bottles of different grits to use in polishing, and various other accessories to this important branch of prosthetic dentistry.

In another room should be the plaster cabinet. This should be made with a glass top preferably, with a metal edge arranged so that the plaster may be jarred down in impressions, flasks, etc. It should contain ample drawer space for flasks, tongs, spatulas, etc.; and should be equipped with a water heater, sparker, etc.; also compressed air cock. A few words might be said with regard to the arrangement of the drawer for containing waste plaster, shavings, etc., from trimming models. This should be made of ample size so that the operator can work with his hands well in the centre, doing away with the possibility of flying bits of plaster in the room. This should be equipped with a removable tin sub-compartment which can be emptied with ease. The drawers should be mounted on roller bearings, cheap, and obtainable at any hardware shop, doing away with binding, sticking, etc. A chute should also be provided from the top of the table for bench trimmings. A very convenient sifter for sifting plaster powder into the water may be made by having a tinsmith solder a funnel shaped piece of tin on the bottom of the ordinary flour sifter, reducing its opening from 6 inches to about 3 inches. This should be mounted in an upright position, and sifts the plaster quite as evenly into the bowl as the more expensive arrangements supplied by the depots.

A useful accessory for the plaster cabinet for the rapid trimming of models is a carpenter's key-hole saw of good size, after which models can be finished with great ease and certainty by means of the plas-

ter plane. Another section should be laid off for the operation of melting metals, pickling gold work, refining and metallurgical operations, equipped with hood. This should be made preferably of copper and should have a glass front and a heavy metal gauze upon which to rest breakers containing acids, etc., and an electrical lamp placed inside for illumination, the hood, of course, connecting with the main flue. The table should be made with a heavy iron top, and upon this the operations of making dies with the base metals, their refining and other similar metallurgical operations can be carried on. A fifteen pound anvil of cast iron, mounted on a wooden block about 6 inches by 6 inches by 3 feet, is also very useful to receive the heavy blows of the hammer.

In a laboratory where a partitioned space existed the vulcanizer might be placed within it to great advantage, thus confining all the dirt, odor and dust to one room. Casting has grown to be of such importance that space must be found in the laboratory for it. Space must be reserved in the main laboratory for the casting machine, while the investing and investing materials and supplies are best kept in the plaster section. Of great convenience in preparing investments for inlays is a small water needle valve placed at the level of the eye near the investment, enabling the dentist to rapidly fill the graduate glass to the exact amount of water required for his measure of investment. With regard to the sand moulding or other form of cast moulding for swaging, one drawer in the cabinet is sufficient to hold calcar and rings, Hawes flask, etc., necessary. It should be at least 18 inches by 18 inches by 4 inches, inside, and lined with galvanized iron.

Of great aid in selecting a harmonious mold of tooth for patient, especially in crown work, is a small tooth cabinet holding about 12 drawers in which a representative molds of front sixes of the different makes are kept, not for use, but as a mold guide. Diatoric and cheap pin teeth of the manufacturers who make these in front sixes answer the purpose quite as well as the platinum, as they need not be used, except to indicate the number of the mold, and makes possible with the shade guide, of harmonious selection of teeth for patient over the telephone or by mail, without the necessity of keeping a large stock.

In conclusion the writer would like to enter a plea for the very best equipment, space location and arrangement in the laboratories, especially in the laboratories of the young graduates, who are the busy professional men of the very near future. Much of the fundamental discoveries and advances upon which the science and art of modern dentistry is built, were and are being worked out in dental laboratories, and for this reason as well as on account of the restful and remunerative laboratory work is a properly conducted dental practice, it should be a place in which its surroundings and equipments should be of such as to bring out the very best work both of mind and hand, that lies within us.

OUR OBYS

Dr. Phillips, the Arctic explorer, has landed in Liverpool, after successfully crossing the Atlantic in Kayak.—Liverpool Times.

W. P. Powers, D.D.S., has been appointed Professor of Operative Dentistry in the Labrador School of Dentistry.—Vancouver Times.

(The following newspaper clippings, cut from the said newspapers in the year 1921 between the months of February and November.)

Dr. Madill of Peterboro has eloped with his pretty 18-year-old assistant. An irate father is on the track.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Dr. Higley has decided to give up dentistry and enter upon "Holy Orders." He realizes we are all but "creatures of time." — Chatham News.

Dean Taylor, the Canadian dentist, has lately been appointed chief of his Imperial Majesty's porcelain laboratories.—Pekin, Choochoo, China.

Cow-bell-centrifugal machine wrecks great havoc. Dr. Moffatt seriously hurt. Longus colli severed. Little hopes of recovery.—London Free Press.

Frederic L. Downing, D.D.S., winner of class '11 "loving cup," reviewed old scenes this week. He reports booming business in Renfrew.—Hya Yaka.

Max Katz, D.D.S., has been returned member for Centre Toronto at the recent bye-election, caused by the death of Signor Robinette.—Toronto Star.

A. B. Wagg, D. D. S., has just completed his annual world inspection of Dental Y. M. C. A.'s. He has prospered in body and soul.—Toronto Telegram.

Drs. Stone and Rudell, Omicron Chapter, Xi Psi Phi, are in the city installing officers in the newly inaugurated Epsilon Iota Chapter.—Beamsville Beacon.

Wanted, three assistants to take complete charge of very busy practice. Must possess D. D. S. degree. Cecil Nicholson, D. D. S., Dundas.—Dundas Herald.

George Haycroft Ross, the celebrated actor-dentist, will make his initial "debut" next week in a clever dancing specialty at Shea's Theatre.—Toronto Daily Star.

The Aerial Dental Parlors. Monoplane No. 6 calls hourly. Up-to-date dentistry in all its branches. Drs. McDougall and MacDonald, Scotch Dentists.—Etherial Echoes.

Dr. J. E. Wright has just returned from the London Exposition where he captured many prizes on fruit grown at his beautiful Oakland home.—Oakland Gazette, California.

"Doc." Wilson of Wardsville has been drafted by the St. Louis Baseball Club of the American League. He is the find of the season—a second Rube Waddell.—St. Louis Times.

F. N. Sangster, D.D.S., has retired from practice in this city. His marriage is announced to the widow of San Sebastian, late diplomatic agent from Spain.—Washington, D.C., Review.

F. L. Schnwi, D.D.S., has completed his book on Operative Dentistry upon which he has been working for 3 years. It is the best work published for some time.—Dental Review.

Mr. and Mrs. U. Highflir, 13 Ether Ave., announce the marriage of their only daughter, Aeroplane, to Ralph Erskine Robertson, D. D. S., on Monday, the 26th April.—Collingwood Times.

Our "Doc." Laflamme is just the same old hockeyist he was in college days. Last night he was best man on the ice, completely overshadowing the youngsters.—Sporting News, Daily Star.

F. L. Bass, D.D.S., the Borden of the West, is campaigning in Southern Alberta. The main planks in his platform are "Down with the Bye-Opener" and "Short hours for Dents."—Edmonton News.

John Lionel Carroll, D.D.S., Toronto, Ontario, is taking a post-graduate course in the University of Pennsylvania Dental Department and is now sub-coach of that famous football team. — Philadelphia News.

John Orr Wilson, D. D. S., chief of the Dental Bureau of Investigation and Research, of Ontario, has just discovered a microbe which if injected into the adult will grow a third denture.—Hamilton Spectator.

W. T. Lackner, celebrated turfman, owner of the Blue Ribbon Racing Stables, Berlin, Ont., has just returned from abroad, where his racing stallion "Vacuum Chamber" won the English Derby.—Berlin Post.

Howard James Merkeley, L.D.S., D.D.S., of this city, has recently been appointed Dean of the newly created Department of Dentistry of the Western University.—From the 'Page About People We Know,' Winnipeg Times.

Dr. H. C. Banford, the anatomical specialist, has decided to give up his lucrative practice in this city. He goes, by Royal command of the Khan of Persia, to act as official dentist in His Majesty's Harem. Vancouver Sunset.

Honor has again been brought to our town by the inventive genius of our own "Doc." Ault. He has patented a rather unique device in connection with walking canes. It consists of cane and tooth brush combined.—Aultsville Review.

Herbert MacKay, D.D.S., gained controlling interest in the Ingersoll Pork Packing Co. this morning by buying a block of 10,000 shares. Dr. MacKay always manifested an interest in home industries and we predict a brilliant career.—Ingersoll Inkquill.

Judge Schwartz rendered his decision yesterday in the famous Dentine vs. Distal suit. His intimate knowledge with the subject, because of his following that profession in former years, enabled him to give judgment satisfactory to all.—Toronto World.

A. J. Brett, the renowned philanthropist-dentist, having made his fortune in his chosen profession, has now decided to devote his time and ability to a course of oral hygiene lectures among the Skihoo Indians of British Columbia.—Vancouver Review.



STUDENTS COURT

Top row, left to right—E. F. MacGregor, H. V. Schwaln, R. Robertson. Second row—A. J. Brett, L. V. Tanner, M. Schwartz, J. O. Wilson.

Dr. L. A. Koepfel gave an instructive clinic in the General Hospital yesterday, which was witnessed by a number of his fellow-practitioners. The operation consisted of the surgical removal of the "Antrum of Highmore" in its entirety.—Berlin Post.

Sheldon is again at large. His imprisonment of ten years comes to an end. Rumor has it that he intends operating on a larger scale than ever before in Rio de Janeiro. Our popular dentist, "Doc." Cunningham, will act as his Canadian agent.—Brantford Expositor.

Dr. Mustard has sold his practice and will leave town shortly. He will in the future be actively connected with the "Ford Automobile Co." His expert knowledge along this line will doubtless bring this car to a state of unparalleled excellence.—The Calgary Gazette.

S. G. Alderson, D.D.S., of this city, has patented a new device which will completely revolutionize Prosthetic Dentistry. The idea gained root during his senior year in college and consists of a method of reproducing ill-fitting plates without new models.—Hamilton Spectator.

Colonel C. E. Wright, commanding the Rocky Mountain Gorillas, has been despatched by Gen. Otter to rescue "Daddy" Brett from the Skihoo Indians, amongst whom he has been recently lecturing on oral hygiene. Dr. Simmons has been ordered to the front as quartermaster.—Madoc Review.

Chester Smith, D.D.S., the eminent musician, has accepted the leadership of the "Orthodontia Choir." Already a tour of the South Sea Islands has been arranged for. Dr. Smith asserts that his present success is due to musical associations while a student at the Dental College.—Toronto Globe.

Drs. Gilroy and Eaton of Toronto and Patterson of Kemptville have recently instituted a correspondence school in which they guarantee a thorough training in the finer points of graft. This course will be of special benefit to any who are anticipating becoming members of "Picture and Motto" Committees.—Canadian Courier.

Rosswell Burgess, D.D.S., who has spent the last ten years of his life among the Patagonians of South America as a dental missionary, has returned to Toronto and is giving a series of lectures in Massey Hall which is attracting great attention. He says that all expenses were made from "selling views" descriptive of "dental student" life.—Toronto Star.

A very serious accident occurred this morning along the "drive-way." Dr. Eaman was speeding his new "Packhard" along with Dr. Spratt when he lost control at the Horseshoe Curve. The car went over the embankment and both were seriously hurt. Dr. Spratt managed, however, to gasp "You son of a gun," before passing into oblivion.—Ottawa Valley Times.

Harry Clifton Duffin, D.D.S., 6100 Dundas St. West, has, of late, found the onerous duties of his professional career too great a tax upon his ease-loving nature. His medical advisor urges permanent rest and we believe that already the Provincial Government has created him License Inspector of "Greater Toronto." It is our opinion that no more satisfactory appointment could be made.—Toronto Saturday Night.

Dr. M. T. Armstrong, for many years Porcupine's most able and efficient dentist, has decided to give up active-practice and retire into private life. It is a well known fact that he has of late been devoting his time almost exclusively to the development of the Armstrong mine, the richest ore-producing property in the district, and this, doubtless, necessitates his withdrawal from his chosen profession.—Porcupine Free Press.

RESULTS.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As from the Dental College passed
A youth who, though his books belied,
To every trying lash applied
"Physiology."

His face was pale, his brow was sad,
But being a courageous lad
His eye still shone with a hopeful gleam;
A murmur still as in a dream,
"Physiology!"

At break of day, as from repose,
The inmates of the house arose;
'Mid brightness of the moon so fair
A voice cried through the startled air
"Physiology!"

They found him at the first of May;
Haggard and pale, a corpse he lay,
And as they looked in terror dread,
His form arose and sadly said
"Physiology!"

A BITTER PARTING.

Long years had passed since they had met
And said adieu in pain;
That parting she would ne'er forget,
And now they meet again.

She looked at him with pleading eyes,
Beneath her locks of gold;
He did not seem to sympathize,
His glance was firm and cold.

'Twas then she told him to be kind,
And stay his cruel hand;
But, to her fearful anguish blind,
He smiled at her command.

Torn by conflicting doubts and fears,
Filled with intense alarm,
She now almost gave way to tears,
And wildly grasped his arm.

He gruffly muttered, "Now, be brave,"
She gave a dreadful shout,
And, ere a friendly hand could save,
Another tooth was out. —Anon,

The HYA YAKA

A JOURNAL, PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE
YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE
OF DENTAL SURGEONS OF ONTARIO.

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No. 6



EDITORIALS



Once more the beautiful smiling spring is here. Four times since the class of 1911 made its initial bow, has the stately year moved round to May, the time of flowers and song birds. How joyfully we looked forward to this May when for us "the books may close over, for all the lessons are said."

For now is when we must bid all adieu. How instinctively we put off this final good-bye.

"One more bubble and I vanish,
One last flicker, and whist! out I go."

Our life here has been so pleasant that we cannot but feel a deep regret that we must leave classmates and friends and those who have so carefully directed us in our work.

To our Dean, Professors and Demonstrators who stand for our "Alma Mater," we say farewell. And you may be assured that our appreciation of your untiring efforts will become stronger as the years go by. It has been said that one of God's best gifts to man is the power to communicate, to impart of his blessings to others. You have presented to us what is of most value in the principles and practices of dentistry. You have sought to stimulate the development of that resourcefulness and initiative so essential to a professional man. You have made us feel by your genial kindness and sympathy that it has been a joy to use your "best gift" for us.

To the friends we have made in Toronto, good-bye. We shall not soon forget the hospitality of the homes it has been our privilege to enter, for an occasional glimpse of home life means much to those of us who are far away from the scenes we hold most dear. So to you who have in any way taken an interest in our welfare and have helped to make our stay pleasant, from our hearts we thank you.

To our fellow-students has come the time to say the final good-byes to each other. We have shared our duties and pleasures and our sorrows alike. But now it is over. One life is ended, another begins. Is this new life to be one of service for others or is the greed of gold going to become our central idea? None of us can be so possessed by the passion to serve humanity in applying our branch of the healing art, that we can disdain money. We have invested largely of money and justly expect returns, but it is more our mental attitude toward money that will largely determine our usefulness to the community.

We enter the stage of the world's activities in an age of stern reality and severe competition, yet in the race for wealth and power, the only measure of success is service. The only requirement is work. The world is hungry for men of capacity and asks only, "What can you do?" We live in the greatest age of any time. We stand upon the achievements of the past. From the summits others have reared we are to build.

Rudyard Kipling seems to have struck the keynote when he said: "When to use a detestable phrase you go into the battle of life, you will be confronted by an organized conspiracy whose object is to make you believe that the world is dominated by the idea of wealth and mere wealth.

"Presently you will find a man who is not interested in the idea of wealth, to whom the methods of acquiring money do not appeal. At first you will laugh at that man; you will be inclined to say he is a fool for his ideas, but I should like you to watch him a little closer.

"You may meet that man in your village on the farm, in the city, in the legislature. Be sure of this, wherever and whenever you meet him, when it comes to straight issue between you his little finger will be longer than your arm. You will go in fear of him, but he will not go in fear of you. You will do what he wants, but he will not do what you want. And whatever you gain, that man will gain still more. You will find that you have no weapon to attack him with, no arguments with which to appeal to him. He will be your master. I suggest that you study that man; I suggest further that it is well to be that man and as you grow older you will learn the truth of this; from the lowest point of view, it does not pay to be contaminated with the idea of wealth.

"If you are going to get rich, then amass that wealth with your left hand, keeping your right hand for your proper work in life. Because if you use both arms to get money, you will stoop. If you stoop, you are in danger of amassing enormous wealth. This land makes it possible and you may succeed. If that comes I warn you fairly of one thing, when you are rich, you must be prepared to be written of and admired, as a smart man. And that is the most awful fate that can overtake any sane white man in the Empire."

These are in part Kipling's words and his phrase "keeping your right hand for your proper work in life," should stick. Give of your best to the people, to the profession, and when the evening of life has come may we find the sum of our achievements greater than the morning gave promise of and that we have added to the sum of human joy and leave the world better than we found it.



HYA YAKA STAFF

Top row, from left to right—L. R. MacDougall, H. B. MacDonald, W. H. Gilroy, L. V. Tanner, H. J. Merkeley, N. Douglass, R. MacGregor. Second row—Ward Cunningham, M. McIntyre, Chester J. Smith (Editor-in-Chief), R. A. Patterson, R. Robertson. Third row—V. Pinard, H. K. Richardson.



RUGBY TEAM. RUNNERS-UP FOR MULLOCK CUP 1910

Top row, left to right—J. D. Leonard, F. R. Davis, J. A. MacDonald, D. E. Taylor, H. V. Schwalm, J. T. Adams, F. Knight, T. G. Hollingshead. Second row—H. A. Stewart, W. J. Laflamme, J. E. Wright, Dr. W. E. Wilmoth, J. L. Carroll, E. H. Campbell, J. V. Pinard. Third row—J. H. Duff, W. G. Manning, H. A. Simmons, C. Zimmermann.

"O, my friends
 We . . . have met like ships upon the sea
 Which hold an hour's converse, so short, so sweet,
 One little hour and then away they speed
 Through mist and cloud and foam
 To meet no more."

* * * * *

"The moving finger writes and having writ moves on."

Thus comes the end of the appointed task. It is needless to pause and moralize on our successes and failures. Both there have been, but satisfied we are if we have reached the vantage point—the Golden Mean.

We were fully aware of our limitations when undertaking the responsibilities of this office, but suffice it to say we have done our best.

Even the editorship of a small college journal entails considerable labor and a good deal of criticism, but, thanks to our readers, the latter has not been much in evidence this term.

It is now our turn to part from the joys and sorrows incident to conduct of our college paper, carrying away a deeper interest in its welfare.

To those who have helped us, we say "Thank you," and in parting, we urge every student to take the opportunity which the Hya Yaka offers, to seek greater proficiency in self-expression in the future.

Our best wishes attend the new staff as they take up the work.

CITIZENSHIP

To the average college student the term Citizenship appeals with a considerable degree of suggestive force. The appealing force will depend to a large extent upon the student's intellectual experience, his character and disposition. There lumes up before him, no doubt, visions of his professional career with manifold relations to the life about him. When we look for the literal meaning of the term citizen we find it appealed to the free men of a country or perhaps in its narrower sense to a man living in a city and enjoying its freedom. But when we consider its suggestive nature we find that it has a wider meaning and calls for the idea of a free man in the various relations to the society of which he forms a part.

In this wider application the term citizen has changed with the progress of civilization. In primitive times man lived a simple and more or less independent life. His wants and interests were few, being confined chiefly to the maintenance of a living, protection from his enemies and in simple pastimes and recreation. With nature's bountiful supply about he provided for his own wants almost independent of his fellow-man. But the social instinct which has always been dominant in human nature began to exert its influence and soon men began to band themselves together for mutual protection against common enemies and for co-operation in the maintenance of a living. There thus grew up social circles in the form of clans, tribes and later on in nations. With the growth of tribes and nations come the need

of governments and the many social institutions familiar to the student of history and literature.

With the advance of civilization came a division of labor and a specialization of interests so that man no longer provided for all his wants, but became more dependent upon his fellow-man. Throughout the history of nations we find that this differentiation and specialization has gone on until to-day we have societies in the enlightened nations which are bound together by innumerable ties and man can no longer stand alone, but is in utter dependence upon the various members of the society in which he lives. In order to convince ourselves of this fact we have only to look about us and consider how little we are enabled to supply even the necessities of our daily life and much less to minister to the many desires and interests which have been cultivated in our being. Hence we must realize that the term citizen to-day means much more than it did in ancient times.

It is with this idea of Citizenship in mind that a student should look upon the studies placed upon his college curriculum, for only then can he value the full course which he is called upon to take up in order to reach the standard required of his profession. Many a student questions the value of certain subjects for the reason that he only considers the practical value as it is applied to his own profession and forgets that he is preparing for future citizenship. One educationalist has expressed his view of the aim of education as "preparation for future citizenship," another as "preparation of complete living." Whether or not we agree with these views we can readily see that they have an important significance. The student that would be a worthy and intelligent citizen must know something of the society in which he is to live, its necessities, and its interests. The student of to-day must realize that the society of which he is to form a part is a complicated one with innumerable wants and interests. Whatever intellectual or moral standards he might hope to find in that society he must endeavor to cultivate within himself, for alter the standard of the individual society patterns itself. Hence he will recognize the need of becoming acquainted with the various pursuits of life, and of gaining a little knowledge along different lines. He will need to know a little about science in order to understand and appreciate the great and beneficial work that is being done in that field to-day. He will also want to become acquainted with art and literature in order to enjoy and appreciate these. In history he will read of the rise and fall of nations and of the various struggles of humanity in the building up of an intricate social fabric; of mistakes which have been made in the past which may be avoided in the future. In a like manner he will follow out other subjects bearing on the different phases of life. In all, he is striving to gain a knowledge of society with its manifold wants and interests and at the same time is planting within his own nature some of those tastes and desires which make for intelligent citizenship.

Having gained in so far as it is possible for him to do so, a broad and fundamental education, the student then begins to prepare for his professional career by concentrating his time and efforts upon some special pursuit. It is just as unnecessary as it is impossible for the student to follow very far the studies bearing upon all the pursuits of life. It will be sufficient that he know at least the elements of the most important subjects and to strive to know all he can about those subjects which have a direct bearing upon the profession which he has chosen.

Every student is no doubt desirous of raising the standard of the profession which he has chosen. People judge the standard of a profession by the members of which it consists. If the members of the profession are intelligent citizens with wide and varied interests people will speak well of the profession. If on the other hand the members are narrow-minded and self-centred, with few interests beyond those things which bear directly on their profession then people will hold the profession on a low estimation. What society wants to-day is intelligent appreciative citizens, citizens who can recognize and appreciate the fruits of labor from whatever field of human effort they may come, who can recognize merit and give it its just reward, who can see even in the most humble fields of labor men who are working for their benefit and who are administering to their wants and desires. Man should strive to recognize and appreciate what is being done in the various fields of labor for his benefit for only then can he hope that the various members of society will appreciate what he is doing for them in the concentration of his time and efforts to a professional life. He should strive to live and act towards others as he would have others act towards him. What society wants to-day more than ever before is intelligent appreciative citizens with broad and sympathetic views of life. Will the students of to-day respond to that call, or will they simply drift through life with their interests and efforts confined within the narrow limits of their chosen profession? This is the question that every student should ask himself and in the measure by which he responds to the call shall his professional career be a blessing to life about him. Nor will he go unrewarded, for he that contributes most to life receives most from life. It will not matter so much then how long we live, but how much we live.

B. R. GARDINER, '14.

SOME THINGS THAT HELP

There are many lessons that every dentist learns after being in practice for some years, and one of the first to impress itself very forcibly on the minds of the average practitioner is, that the work of a dentist is hard, trying work, and that any appliance or method of work that will leave him less weary at the close of the day, should be sought after, and, if possible, obtained.

To this end, the wise man will live on good terms with all his professional brethren, and make very frequent little visits to as many of them as possible.

It gives one a chance to see "how the other fellow does it" and many a little "pointer" is thus picked up that adds materially to one's comfort and efficiency.

As an example of this fact a recent experience will serve as an illustration.

In conversation the other day, in the college with Dr. Seccombe, I happened to say how tired I was at the end of the office day, and how very sore my feet often were. Dr. Seccombe asked me what I stood on while operating, and I replied "a hardwood floor." He suggested standing on a rug or mat, and that same afternoon I put the suggestion into practice. How has it worked out? Just this way: "I owe Dr. Seccombe an everlasting debt of gratitude." I have, at least to some extent, got over "that tired feeling."

I was in Dr. A. E. Webster's office a few weeks ago, and saw him at work seated on an operating stool. I asked him how he liked it and his reply was a broad expressive smile (Dr. Webster's smile) and the words, "Gee, it's great."

I got one. How has it worked out? Well, all I can say is, "Webster knows a good thing when he sees it."

For many years I used linen doylies or napkins, on the operating bracket. To change this, and put a fresh one on for each patient, meant a great deal of trouble, and a great deal of laundry work. I now get heavy plain paper cut at the printing office, to fit exactly the top of the table, and a clean one is used for every patient. They have some advantage even over white enamel trays.

If you are practising where there is a day current, and do not feel like getting a switch-board, at least have an electric water heater. They are time-savers and warm water is very grateful, in a sensitive tooth.

If you have put in a denture orbridge or filling, and the "bite" is not just right, do not start in and grind promiscuously. Use articulating paper and do your grinding intelligently.

Some years ago I read in one of the dental journals, "God bless the man who first invented soap." The writer has discovered that a little soap rubbed around the holes in the rubber dam, made its application very much easier. Vaseline has the same effect, and is very much nicer to use.

Dental manufacturers have gone to a great deal of trouble and expense to make a chair with a great many movements. Why not take advantage of the chair's capabilities? Students in the infirmary seem to forget the possibilities in this direction, and some of them, as well as many graduates, assume very awkward positions, while operating.

If you keep a lady assistant, train her to put instruments in the same place in the cabinet every time, after disinfecting them. After a time your hand goes unconsciously to the instrument you require.

It will pay you to take your engine to pieces occasionally, remove the old oil and clean up the parts with a little coal oil. It saves nerous energy and prolongs the life of the engine.

Some years ago a friend of mine was filling a tooth for me. It was exceedingly sensitive, and the operator was wise enough to realize it. He said, "Wait a minute, I'll fix that." So he applied, first on a pellet of cotton, then with a spray, some ether chloride. The effect was marvellous. I have been "passing it on" for years.

Visiting my brother, some years ago, I saw him fill a dead tooth. Before taking up the gutta percha point, in the operating pliers, he flattened the large end of the cone, between the beaks of a pair of flat-nosed pliers. It makes the cone much easier to handle. Try it.

It is the accumulated knowledge of these little things, and putting them into practice that makes the difference between the "good" man and the other fellow.

April 7, 1911.

A. W. THORNTON.



I



II



III



IV

I—Faculty tracing up recent bandits. II—The '11 Hymn Singing Chair. III—The '13-'14 Rush. IV—'11 loses championship to '14.

'11

Theocritus once sang of "the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years, who each one in a gracious hand appears to bear a gift for mortals, old or young." October, 1907, gave '11 in its youth to the R. C. D. S. full of years and honor, and our Alma Mater with all her teachings and associations to the then verdant, hopeful, devil-may-care Freshmen. It's almost all a memory now, and this tale of the giving and taking in the "dear and wished-for years," is the epitaph of '11 as an active class in our college and Alma Mater.

The coming of '11 marked a new era in the Dental College, and indeed we soon found ourselves in a rapid stage of advancement in the University itself. We came in the rise and turn of the tide, and in all due modesty we believe that '11 has been a strong element in the changing of affairs. "The old order changeth, giving place to new"—never were words truer than when applied to our incoming, and subsequent events.

We came to the College and broke some precedents—upset some, created some. In that first year perhaps '11 were looked upon as "prime disturbers," but time has shown that it wasn't just the freshman love of tumult that prompted these things, but rather new ideas, new plans, new men—all the time running parallel with the little revolution that was going on in the College, and the tide of uplift in University affairs.

Everything was new to us, but didn't just go ahead and do what other classes had done. Oh! No! Nothing like that '11 had ideas and ideals, and carried them out.

The sun never shone brighter than on that glorious October morning when with varied and mixed emotions the class of eleven, strolled, strutted, sneaked into the College street to sip of the first waters of wisdom at the hands of our worthy Profs. How subdued and quiet a lot of boys we were those first few days! How ultra-attentive we were to our wise lecturers, and how firm we were in our conviction that we would never fail to hear all the about and about it from the great doctor, and how assiduously we would apply our hearts and minds to learning. (We do not presume to say whether this has been accomplished or not.)

And soon we got to know one another, started the friendships that endure throughout all time, and we gained confidence in ourselves and when the Sophs. had jeered at the "poor freshies" a few times there was laid the foundation of that class and college spirit which, with pardonable pride, has been unrivalled in the annals of our Alma Mater.

Mud teeth are a never-to-be-forgotten woe, and even the ignominy (we didn't realize that it was that then) of it wasn't much relieved when we could soak some strutting "Soph." with a lump of damp clay as he grandly sailed through the lab., wearing a most supercilious air and smile. Work came on us with a rush, and we were as faithful as could be expected of freshmen.

Still we can see "Haemoglobin with the flourishes of head and arms. Still we can hear "Gentlemen, we were speaking last lecture of," etc. Can one forget Dr. A. E.'s lockout system, to cause one to cease oversleeping? Our Prof. from 'way out Queen St. was our wise

counsellor and friend. We marked,, learned, and inwardly digested, though sometimes in a rather rampany, restless, boisterous freshman way.

Class elections came upon us, and we had lots of "wire-pulling" and scheming. In those days we were very outspoken and frank as to the candidate of our choice. Ward politics weren't in it with that election, but we were very fortunate in selecting the guiding hands, and R. K. L. piloted us over many a rocky spot. And then, too, one of our officers had been the most popular student at the collegiate from which he had lately graduated, and that helped some.

Field day saw us claiming a share of the splendid showing that the Dents made, and from the moment he won the pole-vault Jerry was ever one of the most popular men of the class.

We saw all the football matches and one of our class-mates made a place on the II Varsity team and then we had representatives on the Varsity track and soccer teams.

All this time we had been unmolested by the seemingly timid Sophs. We were a husky lot and perhaps they thought better of the proposition of attacking us. However, trouble kept brewing and one January day, the long expected combat occurred. It's too long a story to relate all that happened, but in short the Sophs. rushed up the stairs to the fifth floor to the freshmen lab., but were soon driven down again. Back they came, this time to get doused by a stream from the fire hose. And then the Sophs. started a fire brigade act and when Dr. Walter appeared on the scene we believe he thought that he had gotten into a miniature Niagara, and it was only the playful Sophs. and freshies disporting themselves with a couple of streams of hose. Who won? We did, of course, and if you don't believe us just ask Dr. Walter and he'll tell you "the irrepressibles" won. That's what he used to call us.

Some of us went home in a rather damp state that night, but it seemed such a small price to pay for the glory with which we had covered our class, and we were swelled with pride when the juniors, that good old class of '09, told us we were game kids and we'd put it all over the Sophs.

And then we trudged on through the long days of lectures and labs. Our hockey team won the college championship, and our cup of joy was full to overflowing. The Sophs. had trimmed the Juniors and then '11 came along and hung it over '10 to the tune of 1-0. It has been said that those freshies who had over-due board bills settled the next day.

The exuberance of youth couldn't be repressed and the lab. was continually the scene of some excitement or disorder, mostly the latter, and it's safe to say that the faculty were much perturbed as to what '11 would do next.

One bright winter day some one heard soft music on the winds, and some one who used to sit in the back row rushed down-stairs and out on the street. Later on a hurdy-gurdy entertained the college to an impromptu concert and dance. One of our Professors didn't seem to like music or perhaps it was because those Tories weren't progressing.

And oh! that endless succession of class meetings when parliamentary procedure was threshed out to a fine point. Fiery orators and

roarin' noise-producers took up many an hour, and we all weren't serious about it then—that is, about the procedure of meetings—but it has helped some since.

That class dinner was a mighty thundering bid success. The faculty were there "with bells on" and we were there with the same melody. And oh! what a time it was. We didn't get home till morning. After the feast had vanished and the orators had spouted their last spiel, a procession started up Yonge St. and ended at the college, where there were some more speeches and we didn't disperse till p or John had told us to be good as he was, and till Ern had wished us all good-night.

The class elections furnished the next diversion, and the Liberal, Labor, Tory and common-herd parties waged a merry fight. Ban was elected President and we never had a better one and that's saying a whole lot.

And now the Sophs. bethought themselves to have a dinner which in due time came off. However, '11 gave an impromptu dinner to the class President of '10 the same night, much to the discomfort of these latter, and again we had scored a triumph and again we swelled with pride. J. L. C. had a bodyguard for some time after this event and it was a small matter that a plaster of Paris bath eventually ensued.

Exams loomed up a frightful spectre and we thought of the work we might have done and then scared almost to death we started plugging. After the smoke of the battle had cleared a few had fallen, some were wounded more or less, but as a whole the class came off with comparatively few casualties.

During the summer we were terribly shocked to hear that poor old McPhee had been drowned in the Severn River. He had always been a prime favorite, and we have indeed felt his loss keenly.

Another bright October day dawned and we came back, into the glorious state of Sophomorehood. Gee! but it was good to be back with the old crowd and it was indeed a happy family re-union.

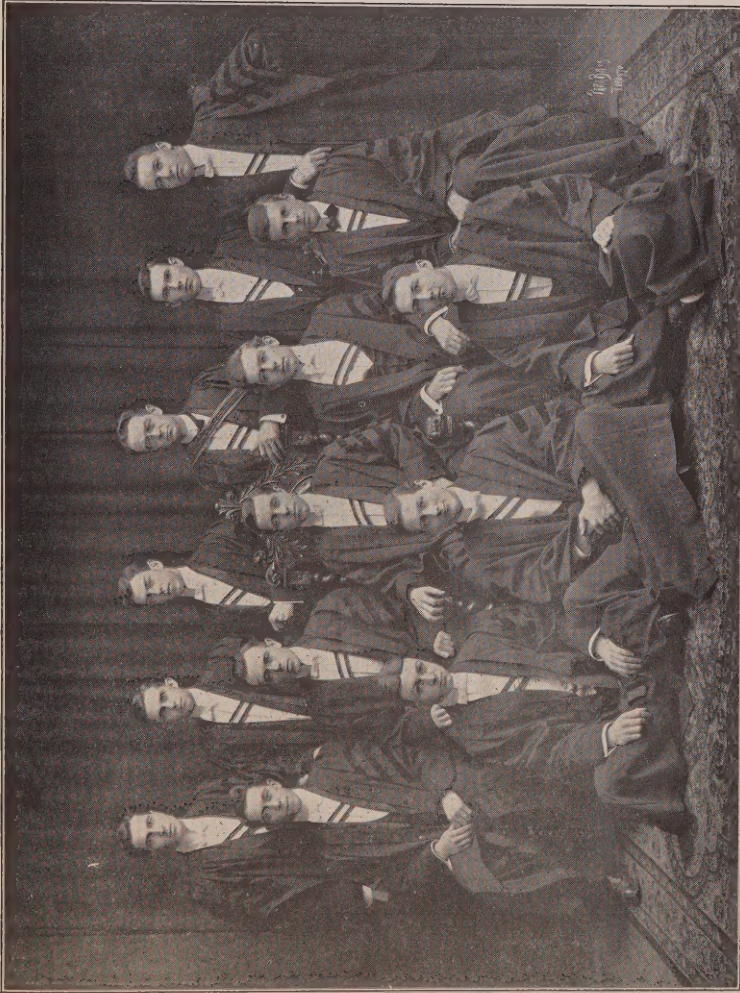
The freshies were promptly "rushed" and though Tom upset our plans a little, we put the freshies through their paces by the shoe-blackening, tap route, and they were duly impressed with our dignity and their inferiority.

Shortly after this auspicious event, a Soph-freshie dinner was held, where the green ones were bid welcome and told to be good little boys.

The dissecting room claimed us for its own and with fluttering hearts we approached that odoriferous charnel house. However, we soon got acclimatized and it wasn't so bad as we had presumed, but we were the original busy boys and there wasn't much let up till Xmas.

Our class baseball team put it all over our old friends '10 and we had representatives on the various college and Varsity teams.

Xmas brought us a glad release from the meat business and we commenced the spring term with relieved minds and with Drs. W-b-s-t-r and T-h-r-n-t-n sort of sticking around. It was back for us to the same old lab. that had been the scene of much triumph, hilarity and otherwise. Dr. W-b-s-t-r jollied us along with his all-wise good humor and



"AT HOME" COMMITTEE

Top row, from left to right—O. C. Spratt, S. G. Alderson, W. R. Eaman, Dr. W. E. Wilmott, G. A. Wilson,
F. H. Jones. Second row—W. P. Powers, F. Hinds, M. T. Armstrong (1st Vice-Chairman), J. R. Doyle,
L. H. Thornton. Third row—E. D. Campbell, H. K. Richardson, T. H. Renton.



HOCKEY TEAM, "WINNERS JENNINGS CUP"

Top row, from left to right—N. Douglass, F. Knight, N. Bailey, J. Scott, F. Sangster, J. S. Bricker. Second row—H. J. Merkeley, L. R. Macdougall, Dr. W. E. Wilmoth, D. McIntosh, G. Ross. Third row—H. A. Stewart, E. Roos.

also a little sarcasm and our good Dr. T-h-r-n-t-n beamed on us and trusted us and wished us well.

Our hockey team was again victorious and landed the college championship, and again we were mighty proud of our sturdy seven. However, we were getting to be a bit subdued and there wasn't the same continual row going on in the lab. that once had been. The faculty must have begun to cease their labored breathing, for 'II began to leave part of their reputation behind.

Our class dinner was in due time arranged for and the date set. On the day appointed, however, a gloom was cast over the whole college, for again death had claimed one of our class-mates, this time Roy English, and, of course, our annual class function was cancelled. A memorial service was conducted in the large lecture room, in the presence of all the faculty and students.

The rest of the year was pretty quiet, and there wasn't much doing but work, except when the class elections came off. There were just two distinct factions in the fray, and the result was a clean sweep for Merkeley & Co. These officers proved to be "men of mettle" through a crucial year in student government.

The year closed without much eclat, and there wasn't much genuine regret that we were bidding farewell to the old building forever.

Juniors at last! What an interminable distance that had seemed two years ago and here we were really starting on the last half of our course. The pranks and follies of the other years were to be left behind and we had really embarked in the practice of real dentistry. Of course, we had to be jollied about the dentures that rattled rather than fitted, but perhaps they didn't as bad as others had before.

The new building was indeed a wonder in our eyes, and we were more than delighted with everything about it. We weren't regarded as children any more and some one aptly or unkindly said that the faculty were treating us just like real human beings.

And oh! the experiences we all went through in the infirmary. We'll never forget the day that Sam's patient fainted and her mother clung weeping to our class-mate's shoulder. And the day when Jerry sent a patient home as he didn't regard himself as a fit person to be a trainer for wild animals. And oh! can we ever forget Madill and his blondy—he never would tell where he found her. And then there were some fellows in the west end of the infirmary who sometimes washed their patients' faces. Powerful Bill was the star of us all, but he simply hogged everything decent in sight. We had our trials and tribulations, but once we had got rid of those accursed pucks, and when we'd got a few patients going, things assumed a bright aspect, and it is said that we brought more coin of the realm into the college exchequer than any junior class ever had. We had a mighty busy year and got through a heap of work, and our faithful athletes still kept the name of our class in high repute. And once again 'II won the hockey championship and our septette were the goods all the way from Mac in the nets to good old Jerry all over the ice. It was some game, but 'Io never could do anything else but lose when they were up against 'II.

Work was the slogan along the line and from January on, with the thought of all those finals coming, Re remembered other years and other tests and we all got busy.

The elections came off with the same zest and vim and it was a good fight all along the line. Genial Charlie Wright was elected President and 'II simply swept the boards in the college offices and there wasn't anything of importance that we didn't get.

A case in the students' court in which figured two of our class members as prisoners and three of our class-mates as attorneys furnished some diversion. Our class was again covered with glory by the acquittal of the accused and also by the good work and speeches of the different counsel.

The exams were good and strenuous, but there were comparatively few sups, and every one was satisfied and eagerly waiting the last lap.

The class blew in pretty well together in the fall, and without much realization of its formerly pictured glory we lined up for the last heat. We thought we had entered for a hundred yard dash, but it turned out to be a marathon grind, and B-r-g-s and a few others began taking hypo doses of long night grinds in order to break the tape.

During the fall term we didn't actually kill ourselves with work—"Oh! barren gain, and bitter loss." Things drifted along very nicely and we had the good time that we had always pictured as belonging to a senior year. (O freshies, realization isn't in it with anticipation.) The at-home "com." under Mickey's directorship gave us the best dances in the history of the college, and even though M. A. is small. Oh! my, what a winner he is with the ladies ("Lulu, how I love my Lulu.") Eleven bore her fair share towards attaining athletic honors in the college and University, and in this regards, our reps. on the various teams made very fitting glorious wind-ups.

But oh, my! in the winter time wasn't it awful. We thought we had a cinch, but with all that infirmary work, and two extra labs. kindly donated on the side, we had about all we could ca?ry, with sails set and full steam ahead. However, all things come to an end, and this did, too.

We lost the inter-year hockey cup to the freshmen, and while our team did their dandiest, the green ones sure deserved to win.

Your historian regrets that this effusion must go to the printer before the graduating exercises come off, and without another kick will willingly quit.

"Yet ah! that spring should vanish with the rose!
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
The nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah! whence and whither flown again, who knows!"

Through the photographer's error, a full dress photo of Mr. L. A. Moffatt was sent to the engravers and consequently it appears as such in the *Torontonensis*. We have reproduced these cuts in the *Hyä Yaka* and so take this opportunity of explaining the circumstances.

THE TREATMENT OF TEETH WHICH ARE IRRITABLE WHEN SEALED.

By Dr. Otto E. Inglis.

It not infrequently happens that the filling of a root canal with even cotton and antiseptics is followed by a pericemental reaction more or less severe. When this persistently and promptly follows well meant efforts at canal antisepsis it becomes annoying to a degree. Many times after careful and conscientious work teeth have had to be opened and left open until comfortable, when the process is repeated ad infinitum. Under such circumstances a careful analysis of the situation may suggest a different line of treatment. The writer will endeavor to point out several factors recognized which had led to altered therapeutics and successful results.

The first that suggests itself as provocative of pericementitis is pressure. An apical end of canal may be so small that the tentative cotton dressing acts within it as a plunger and some compression of its fluid contents may occur, which acting mechanically, produces a non-septic pericementitis, or possibly mechanically influences a septic one. The remedy lies in making a wider canal which will more readily admit the dressing and allow it to be packed. In this connection, of course, incompetent antiseptics placed in septic canals or canals which are the only avenues of discharge for pus from an apical abscess, have their antithesis in competent ones such as formaldehyde in its various forms. In such case a pellet of cotton saturated with tricrisol and formaldehyde solution (37 per cent.) equal parts, should be tightly sealed in the pulp chamber, though not necessarily so tightly that as the patient cannot remove it with an instrument furnished for the purpose. This may be necessary at night and if the patient be not so advised an abscess may result.

Should this tricrisol and formalin treatment as so applied prove troublesome, the tooth may be left open a day or two and then the treatment renewed with greater success. In some cases the irritating quality of the remedy is at fault. Oil of eucalyptus or pure carbolic acid may if applied to apical tissue produce a severe reaction. The writer recalls his first case of this sort in which a dentist had daily applied cotton and carbolic acid only to have the patient remove it before night in each case. The tooth was finally dressed with oil of cloves and acetate of morphin paste on cotton with success upon the first application.

Another more recent case occurred in the practice of a Western dentist, who claimed that tricrisol and formalin on cotton sealed in a molar invariably gave rise to pericementitis before night and had done so for some time. He was advised to dilute the mixture with phenol camphor until a 5 per cent. solution of formaldehyde was obtained and to stop the tooth systematically.

This principle enunciated by Flagg, consists in stopping the tooth for a few hours, then unstopping whether painful or not, at intervals gradually increased so that the pericementum may receive fresh doses of antiseptics and a periodical relief from pressure of gases or accumulated serum.

In this given case it was theoretically held that the formaldehyde was necessary to antisepsis yet too powerful for the pericementum,

hence the advice to dilute it. The pressure of collection was also considered a possible factor. In this case the advice was to dress the canals loosely in the morning and unstop before night on the first day. To immediately redress it loosely until the next morning or if comfortable until the afternoon. Then to redress until the following afternoon, then to gradually double the period of stopping until the dressing could be endured for a week when the case should and did progress as any ordinary case.

While this may seem a lengthy treatment, a shorter time is consumed than when the tooth is troublesome and has to be left open.

The writer has met a few cases, two of them neurotic sisters for whom he has been unable to fill the canals of any treated teeth, even when cocaine pressure anaesthesia has been employed. No matter whether sedatives were employed on the cotton dressings, their removal and the leaving open of the tooth was necessary. When formaldehyde in any strength was employed for the resultant infection it gave pain when sealed in. Pastes of various sorts systematically introduced gave no results, so finally in despair the teeth have had vents bored obliquely from a point beneath the gum margin to a point higher up in the canal. The spear drill was then placed in the vent and across the canal. Against the flat side of the drill as a matrix gutta percha was tightly packed through the occlusal tap which was later filled. While the vent was not desirable, the loss of the tooth would have meant disfigurement and the treatment of other roots for bridge work was not promising. This afforded the best drainage and least tooth discoloration. In the case of the sisters, the pain began spontaneously and without known cause in both sound and filled teeth. The pulp removal gave relief, but no pulp nodules were found. Later the pericemental reaction occurred.

At the present time the Carmichael attachment offers a desirable alternative to retaining the tooth. In this paper the consideration of such cases as pass into distinct abscess formation are omitted.

IN MEMORIAM

Howard McPhee
S. Roy English

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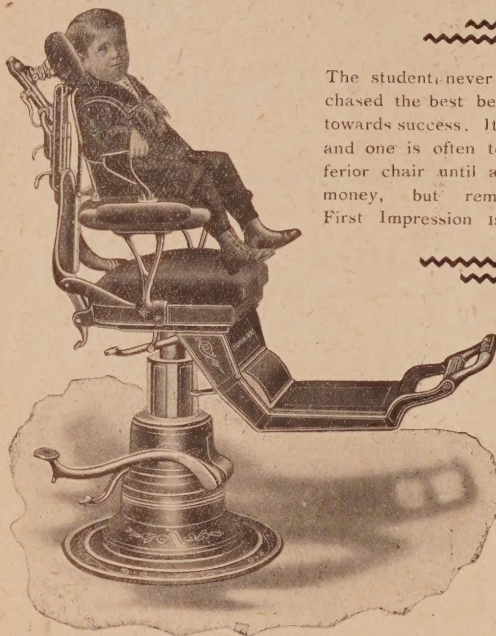
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HE happiest period of a man's life is when he is climbing. Should a streak of misfortune come upon you, retrench, work the harder; don't fly the track; confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance and good humor, and they will disappear like fog before sunshine.

The successful man is he who does the greatest good, gives the greatest happiness to the greatest number. He wipes from the cheek of sorrow the tear of grief. He stands where the chilly winds blow hard on him if perchance he may shield some tender fellow creature from its blasts. He steps aside into the gutter to raise some fallen form. He prattles with infancy, firmly grasps the hand of middle life and smoothes the wrinkles of old age. He lifts the helpless, cheers the despondent, weeps with the bereaved and rejoices with the lighthearted. He gives to the needy, spurns the miser and bitterly resents the affectations of the insincere. He plants in every human heart the fragrant flower of hope and nourishes it with the perfume of his own happiness. He believes in love, in charity, in friendship, in companionship and above all he has abiding faith in his fellowmen. He is a firm believer in the ultimate good of humanity and his own life forms the strongest evidence in favor of his belief. He sees something good in the vilest son of Adam, but he is not beyond believing in a possibility of weakness in a reputed Samson of morals. He wishes for the best but is prepared for the worst. DAYTON DUNBAR CAMPBELL, D.D.S., in *Articulator*.